NUMBER 1 PRICE TWO

Welcome Songs

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS

Edited by R. S. THAIN.

PROPERTY OF Emma A. Robinson S.S.

CLASS NO. 1 Emma TEACHER.

Sing forth the honor of His name;
Make His praise glorious. Psalm 66-2.

CHICAGO
FLEMING H. REVELL, PUBLISHER
148 & 150 MADISON STREET
1878.

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A few numbers of Welcome Songs will be issued from time to time, a small [illegible]

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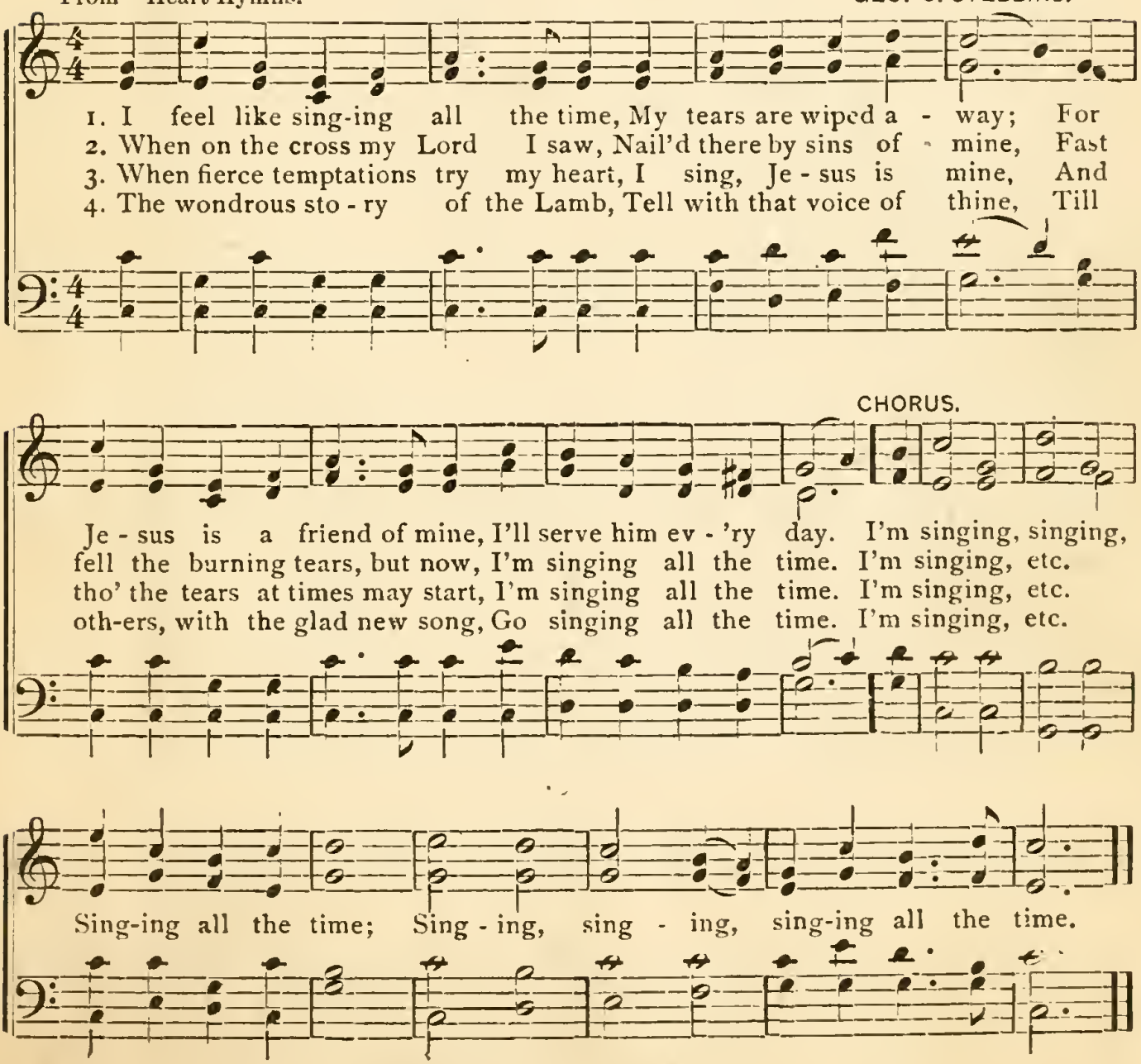
WELCOME SONGS

SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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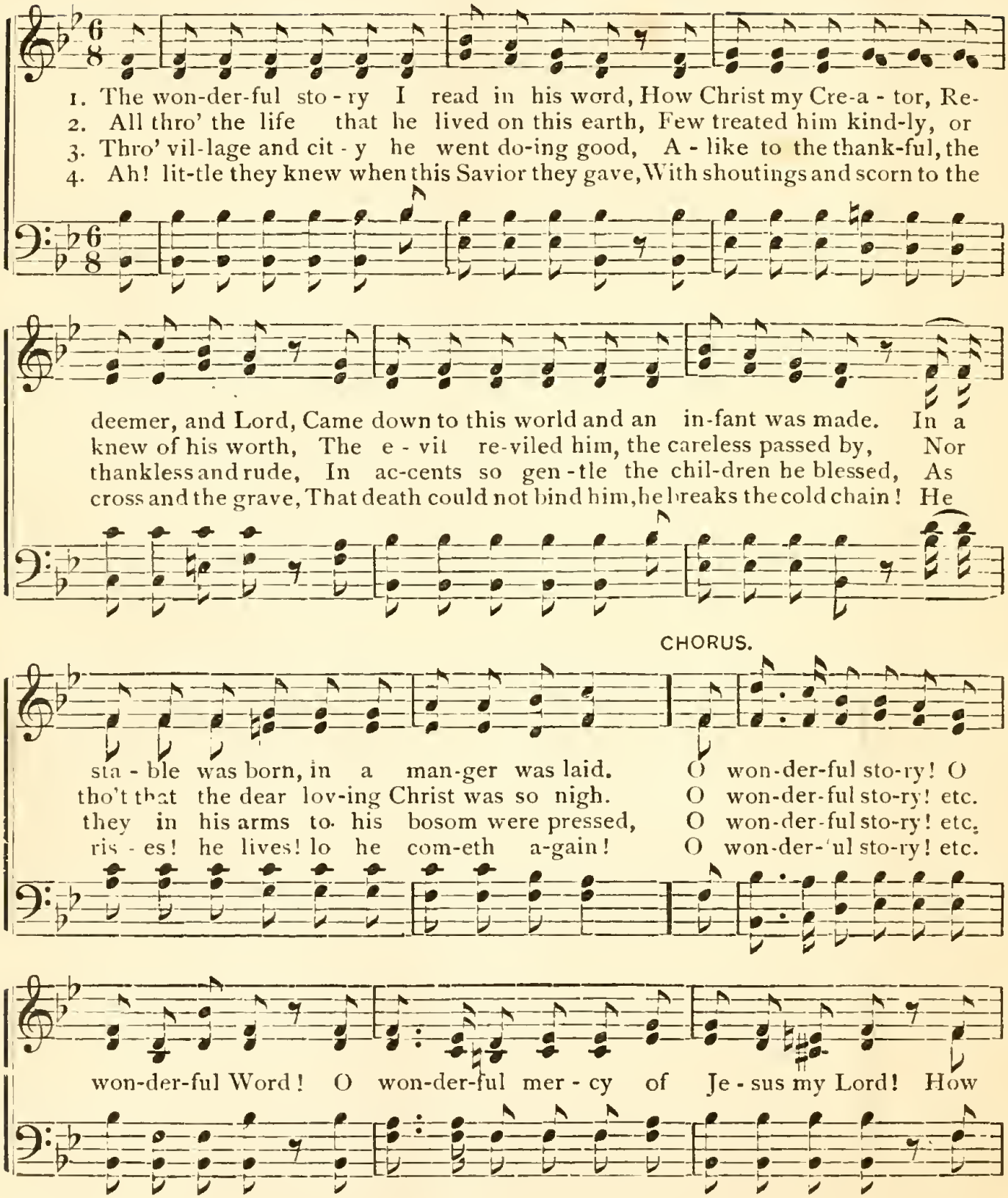
THE WONDERFUL STORY.

REV. G. W. LLOYD. J. W. BISCHOFF.



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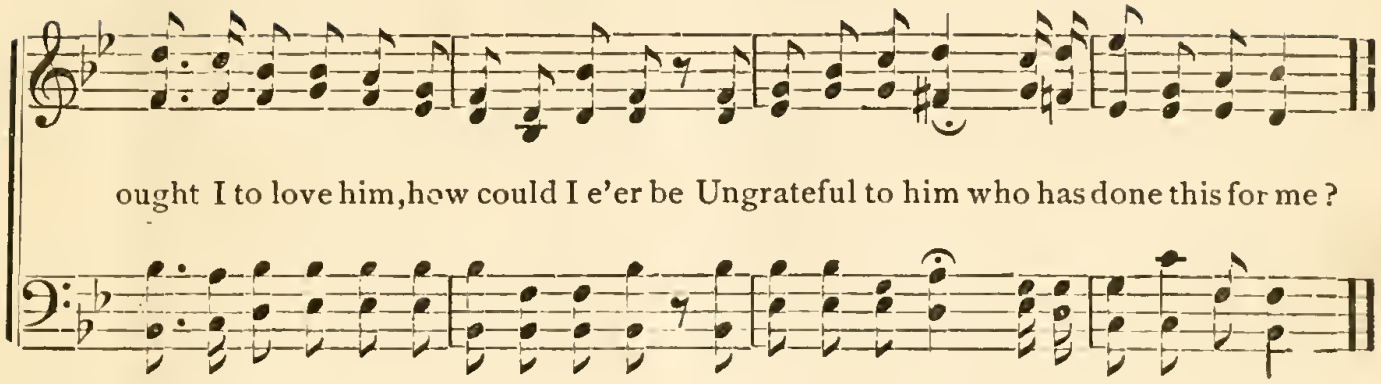
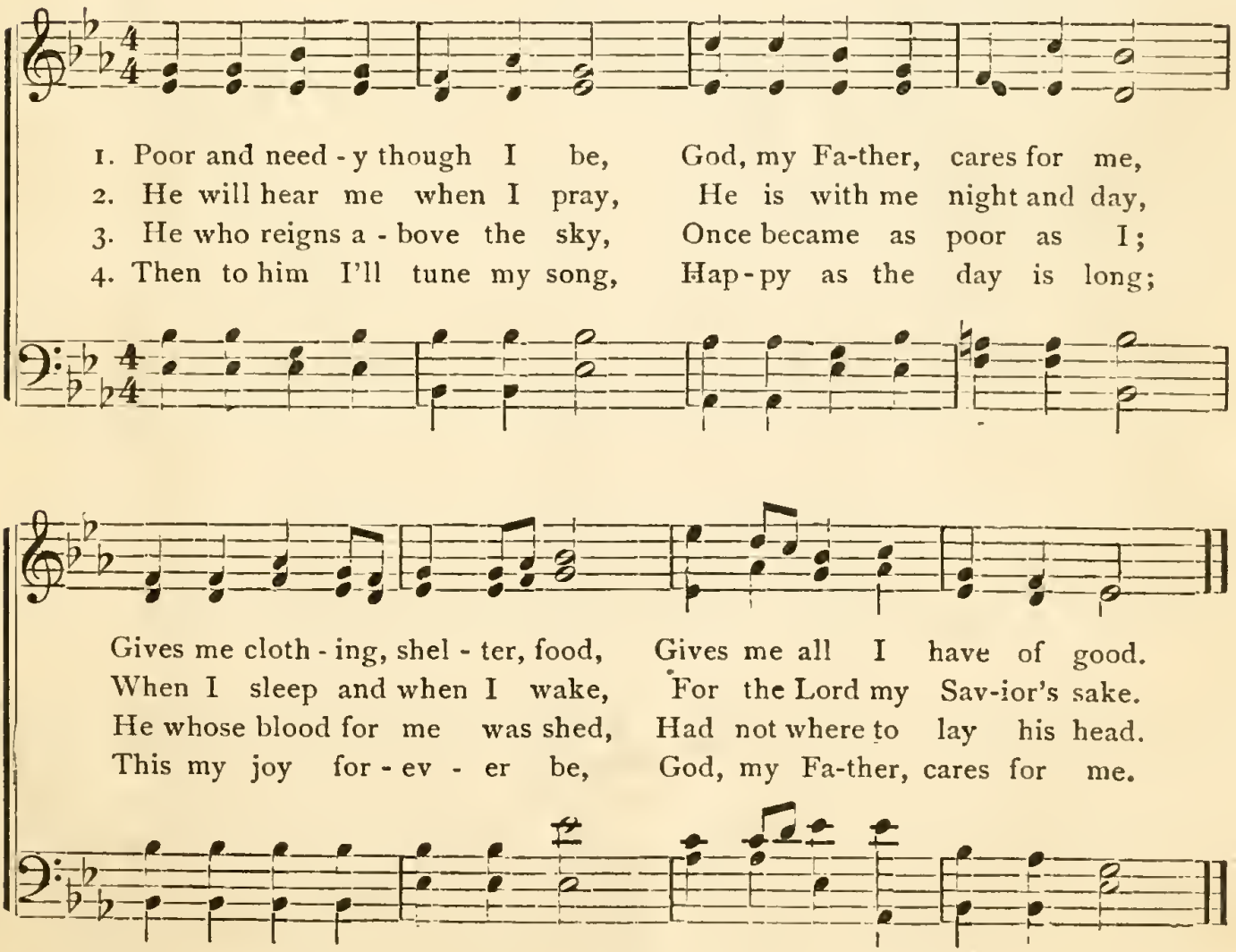


GOD CARES FOR ME.

Matt. x. 30. EMMA L. MORTON.



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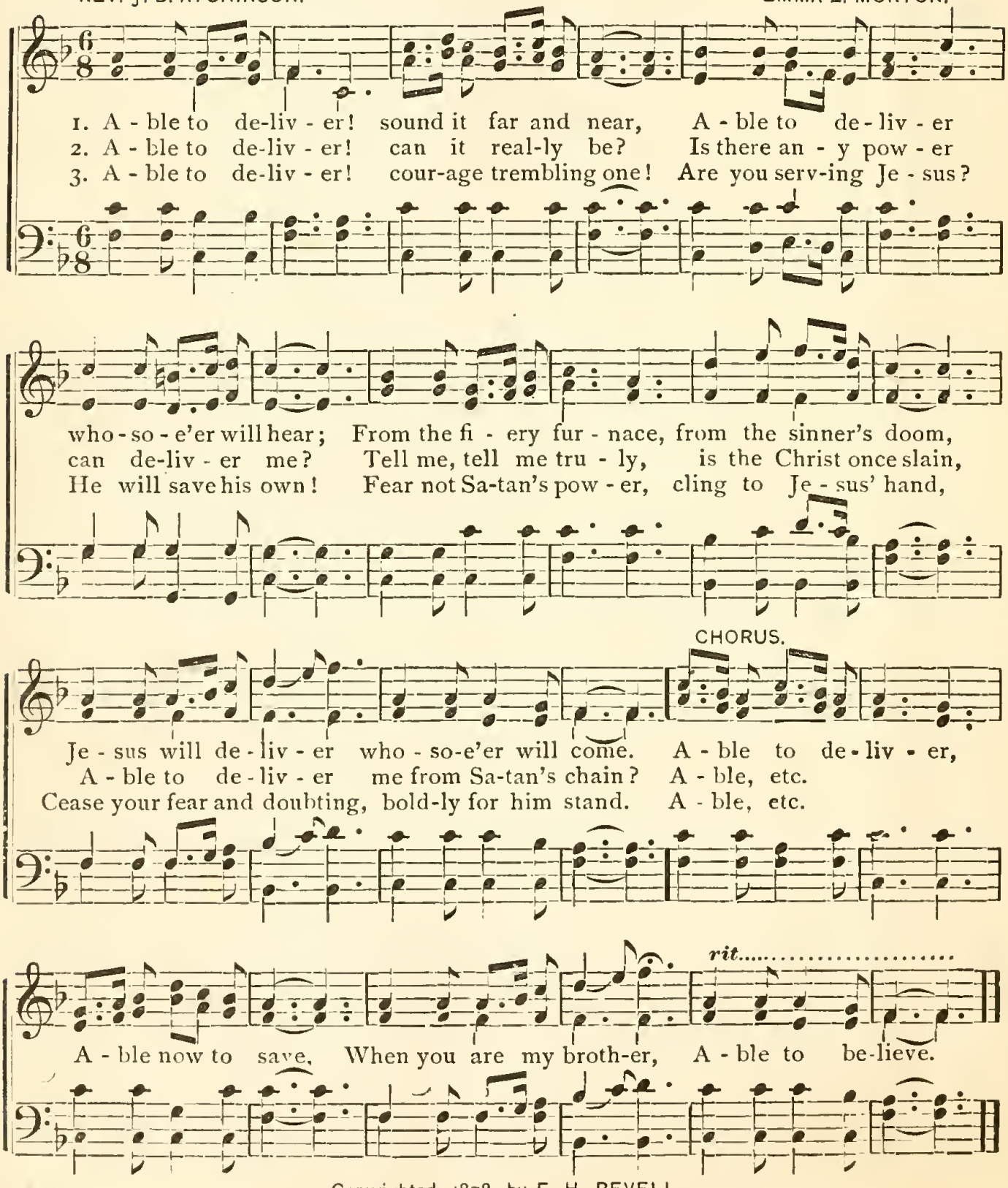
ABLE TO DELIVER.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—Dan. iii. 17.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. EMMA L. MORTON.



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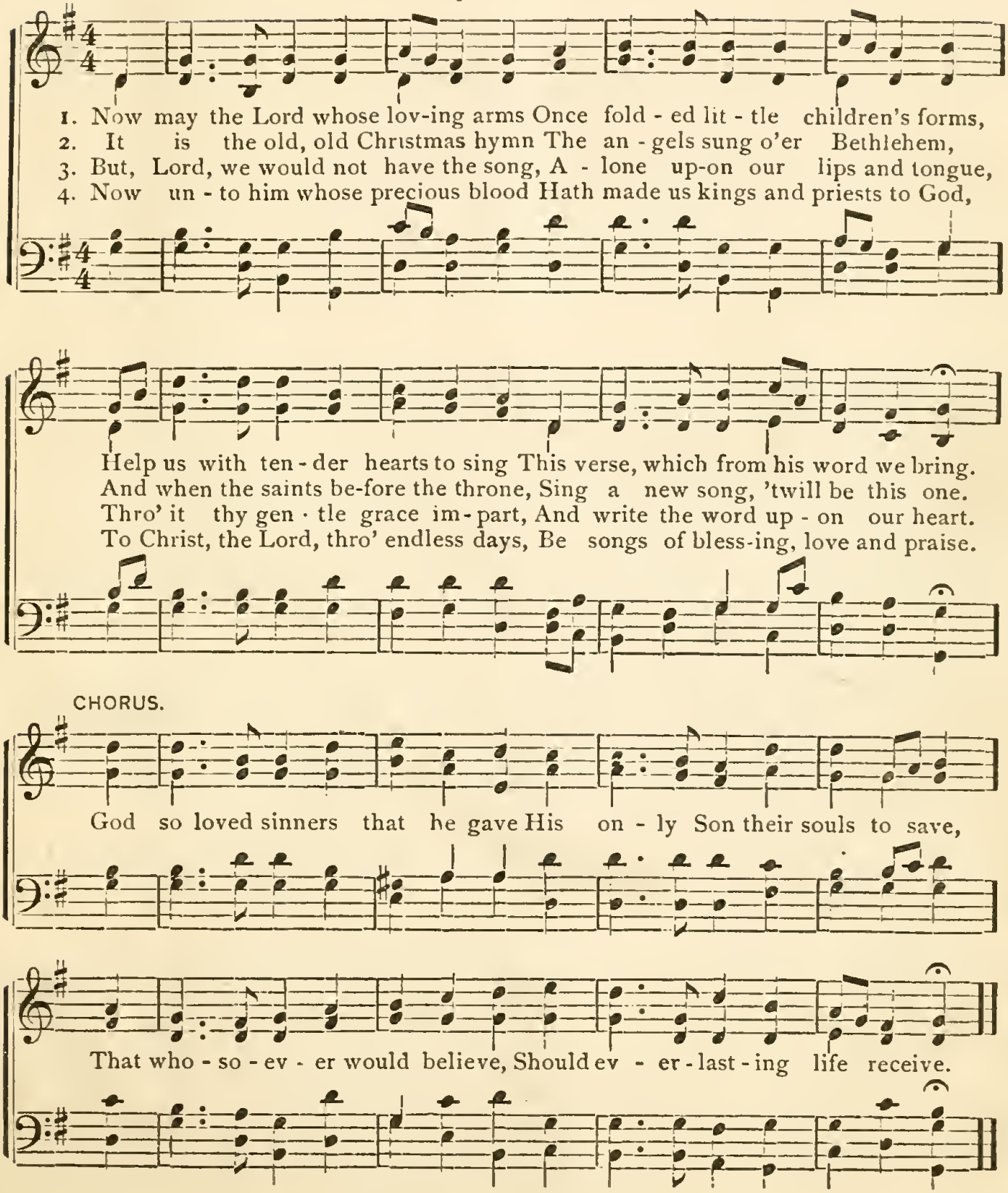
GOD SO LOVED SINNERS.

H. G. S. JOHN iii. 16. IRA D. SANKEY.



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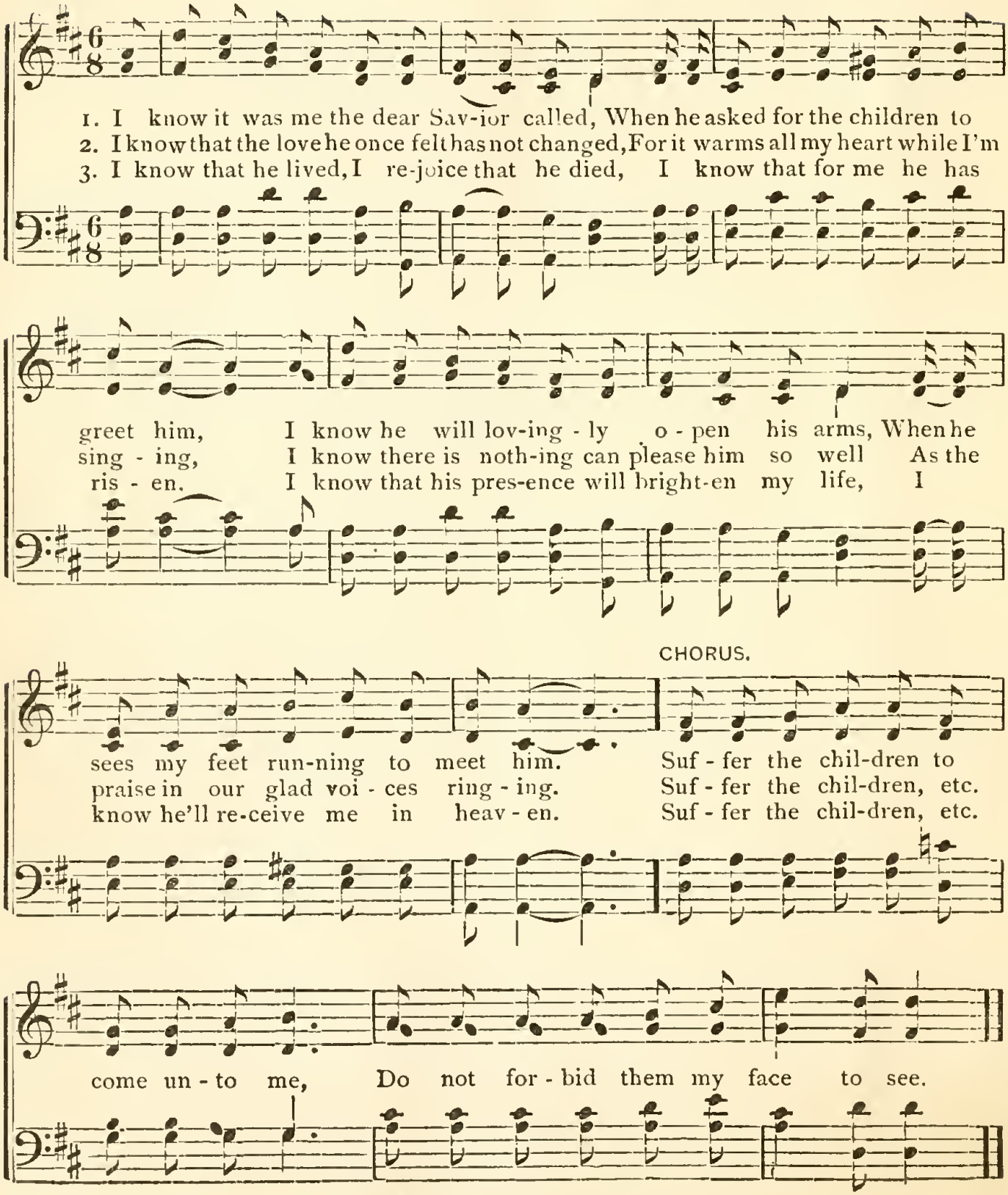
I KNOW.

W. O. LATTIMORE. —To Gracie Murray.— R. S. THAIN.



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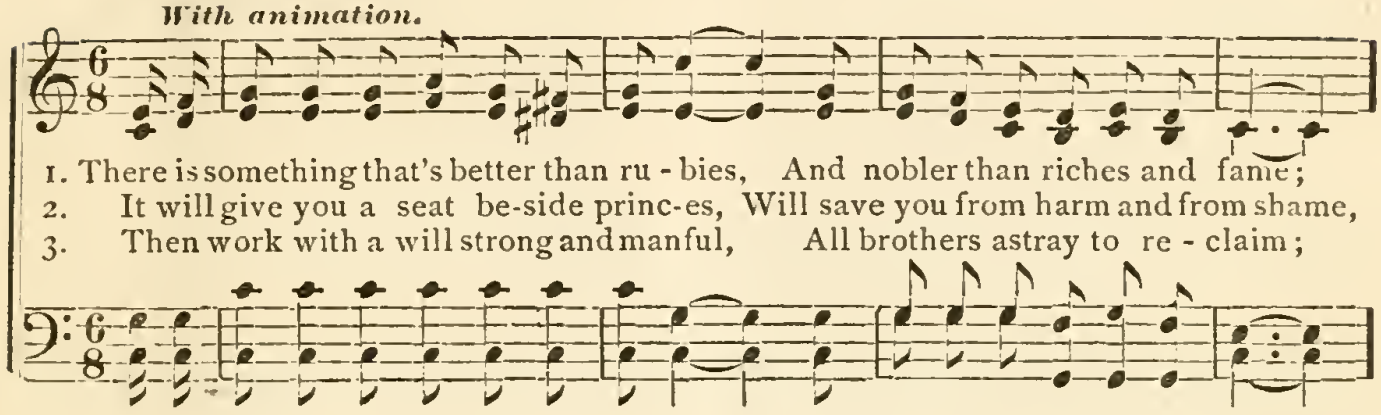
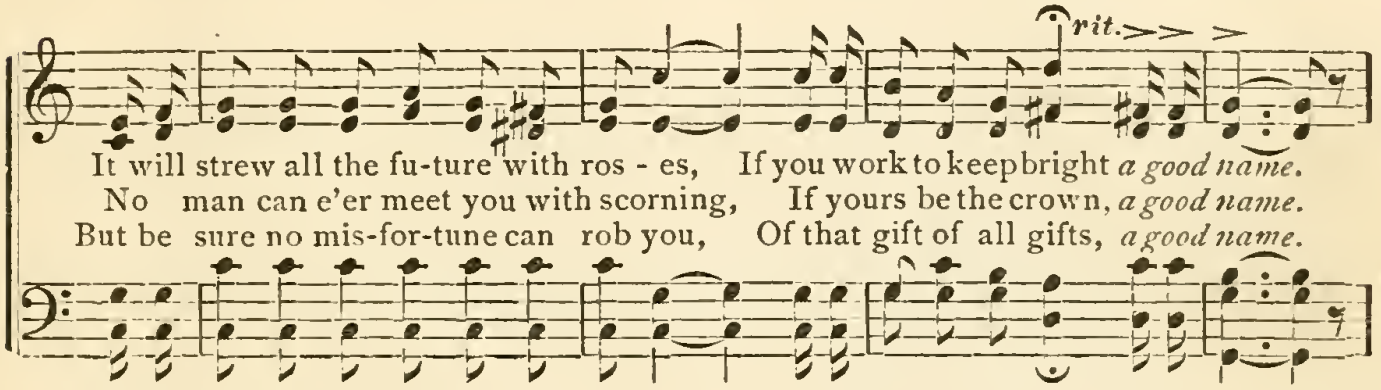
A GOOD NAME.

"A *good name* is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Proverbs xxii. 1.

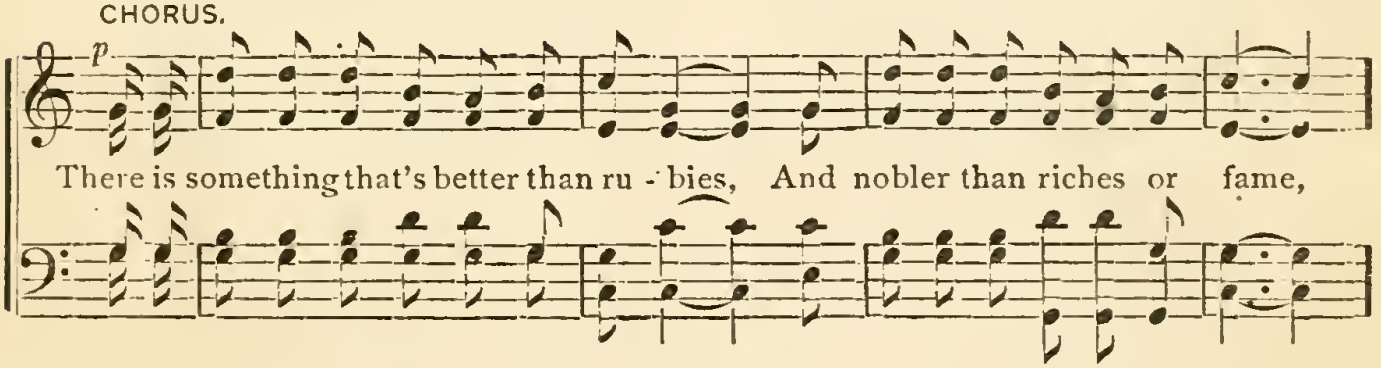
MARY A. DENISON. EDWARD A. PERKINS.

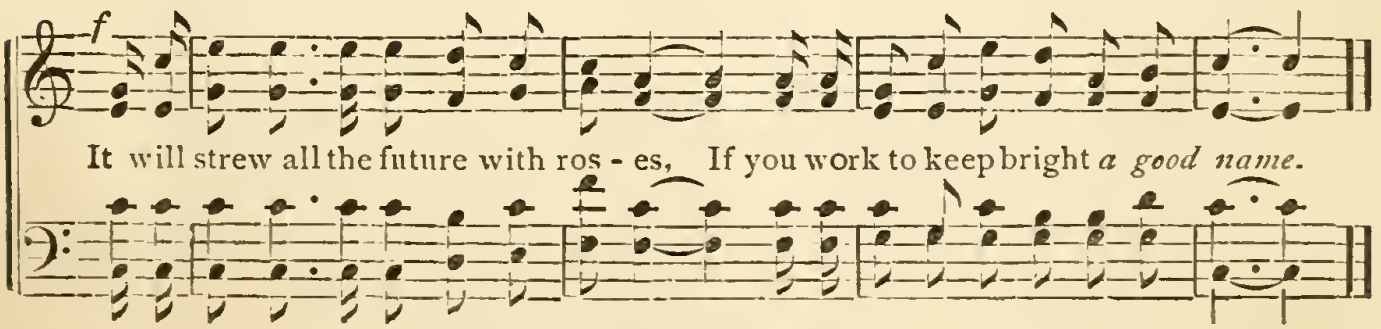
With animation.





CHORUS.





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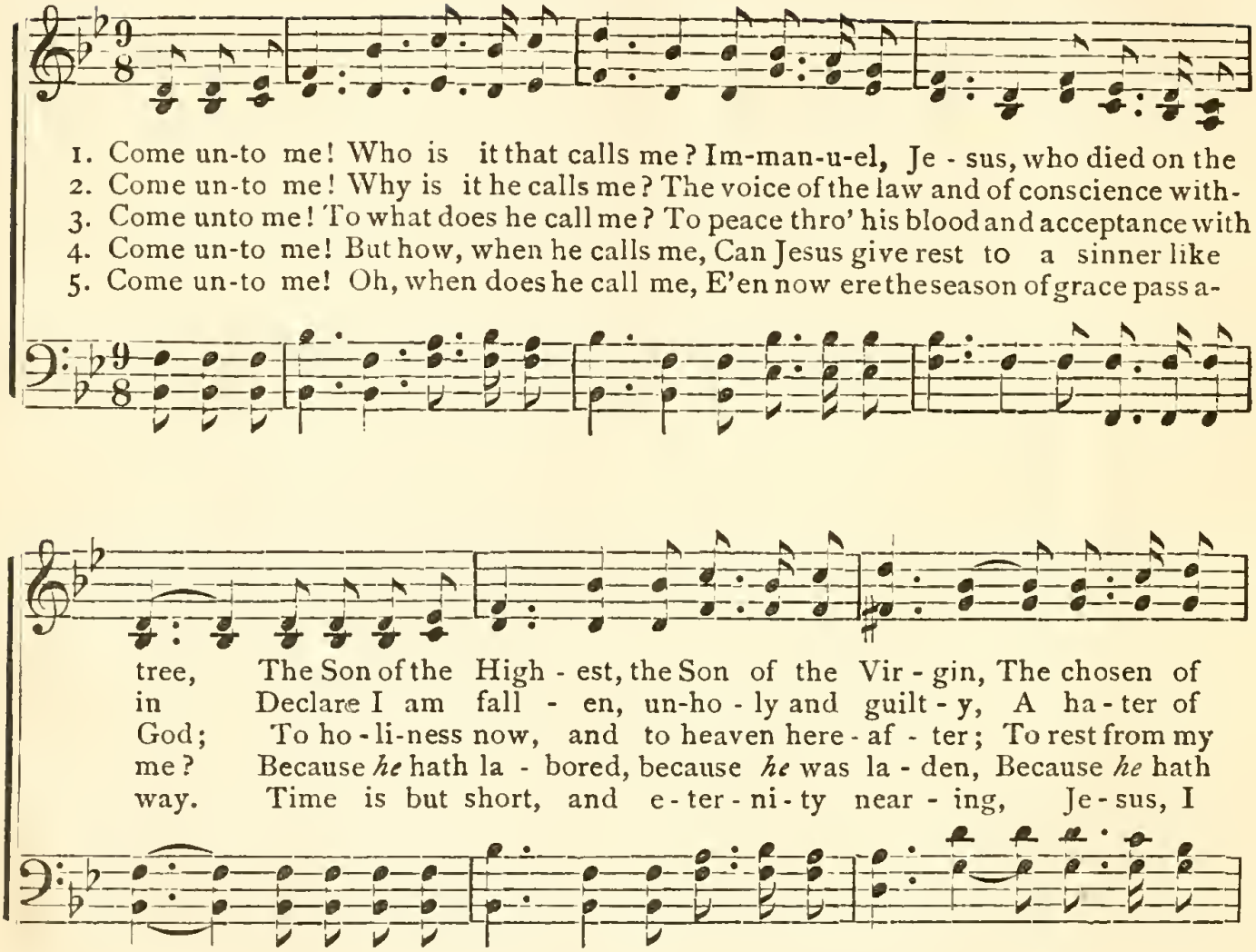
COME UNTO ME.

J. S. MAT. xi. 28. EMMA L. MORTON.



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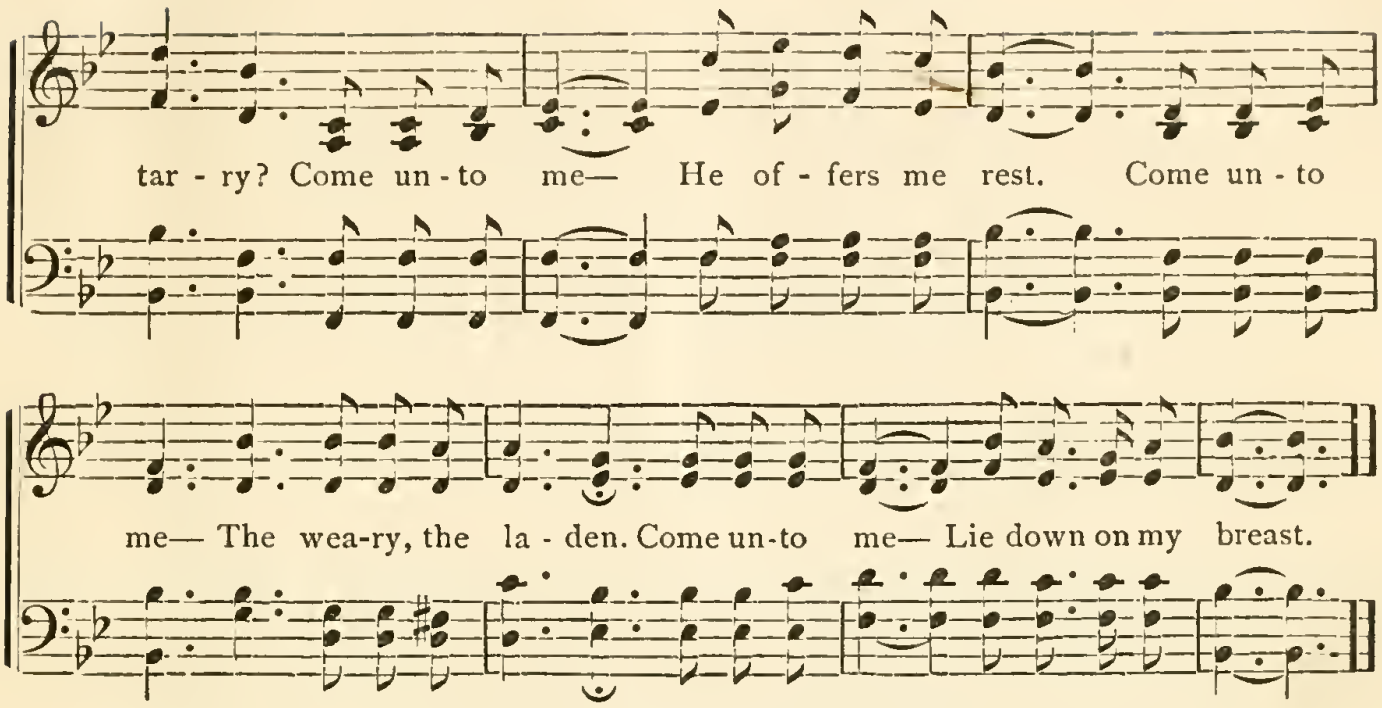
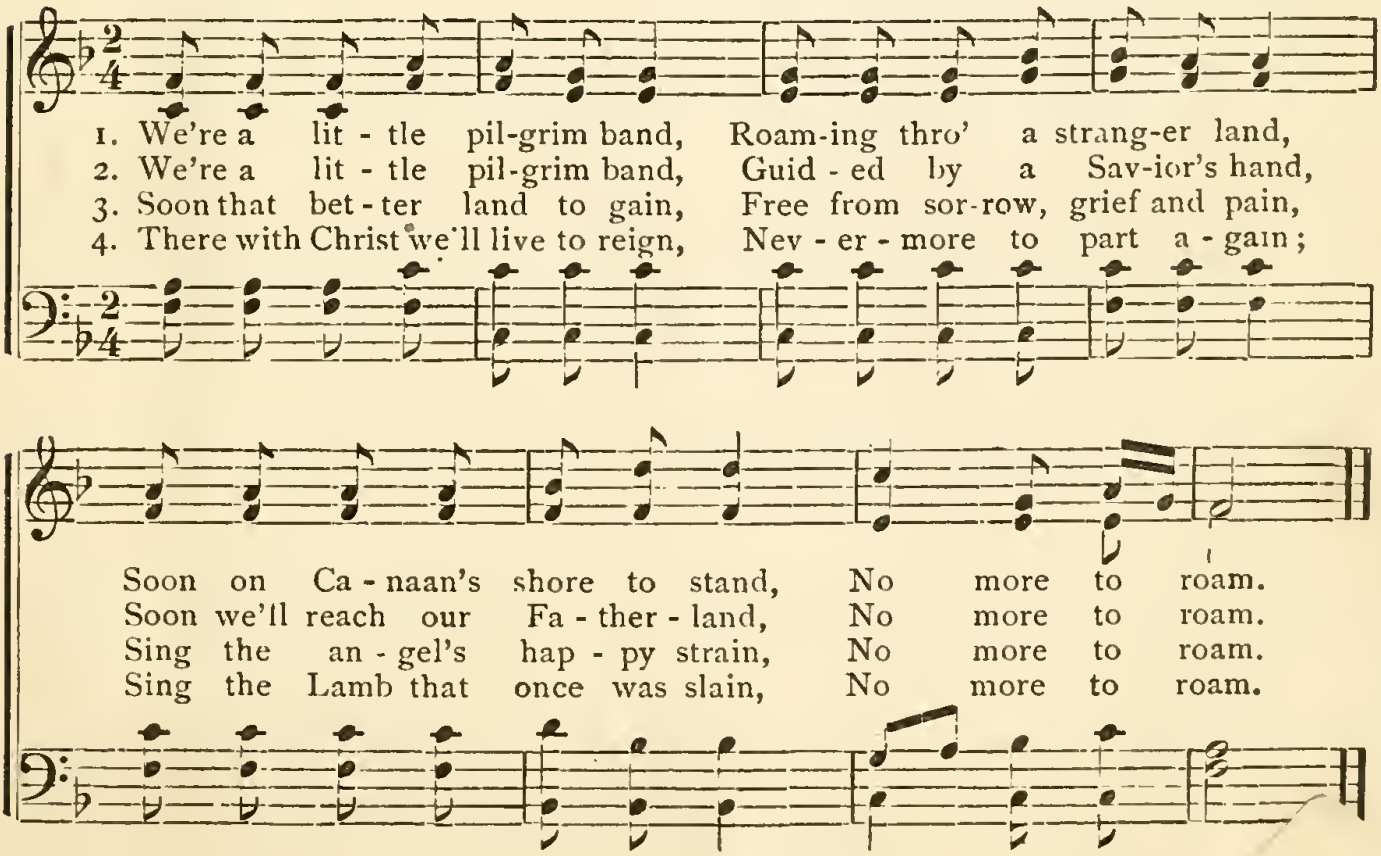


THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

A. S. KIEFFER. C. E. POLLOCK.



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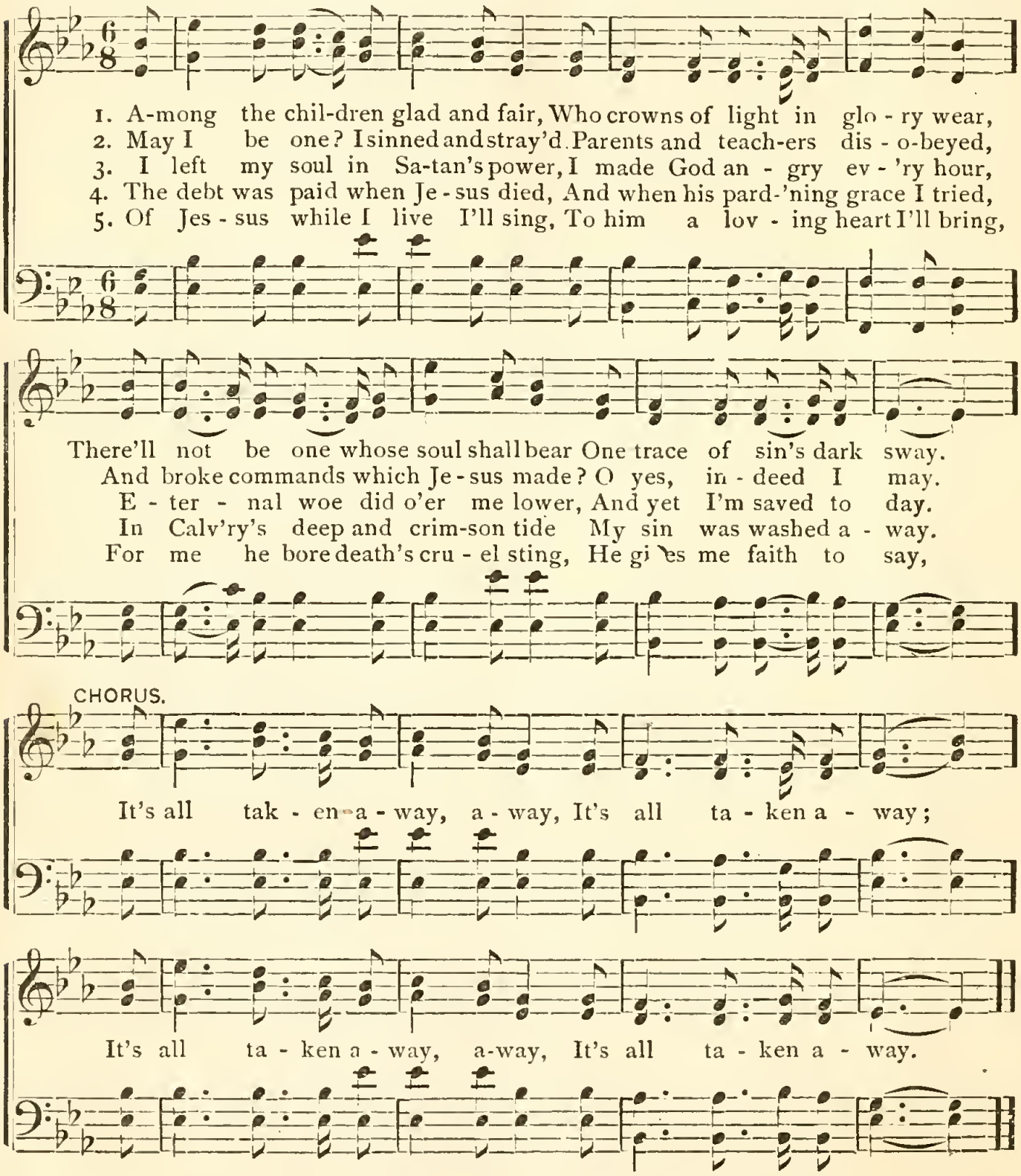
IT'S ALL TAKEN AWAY.

E. E H. E. E. HASTY.

"It is related that a little girl, on being asked if she was a sinner, sturdily said, No. "But hav'nt you done wrong a great many times?" inquired her questioner. "Yes, indeed," said she, "but it's all *tooken* away."



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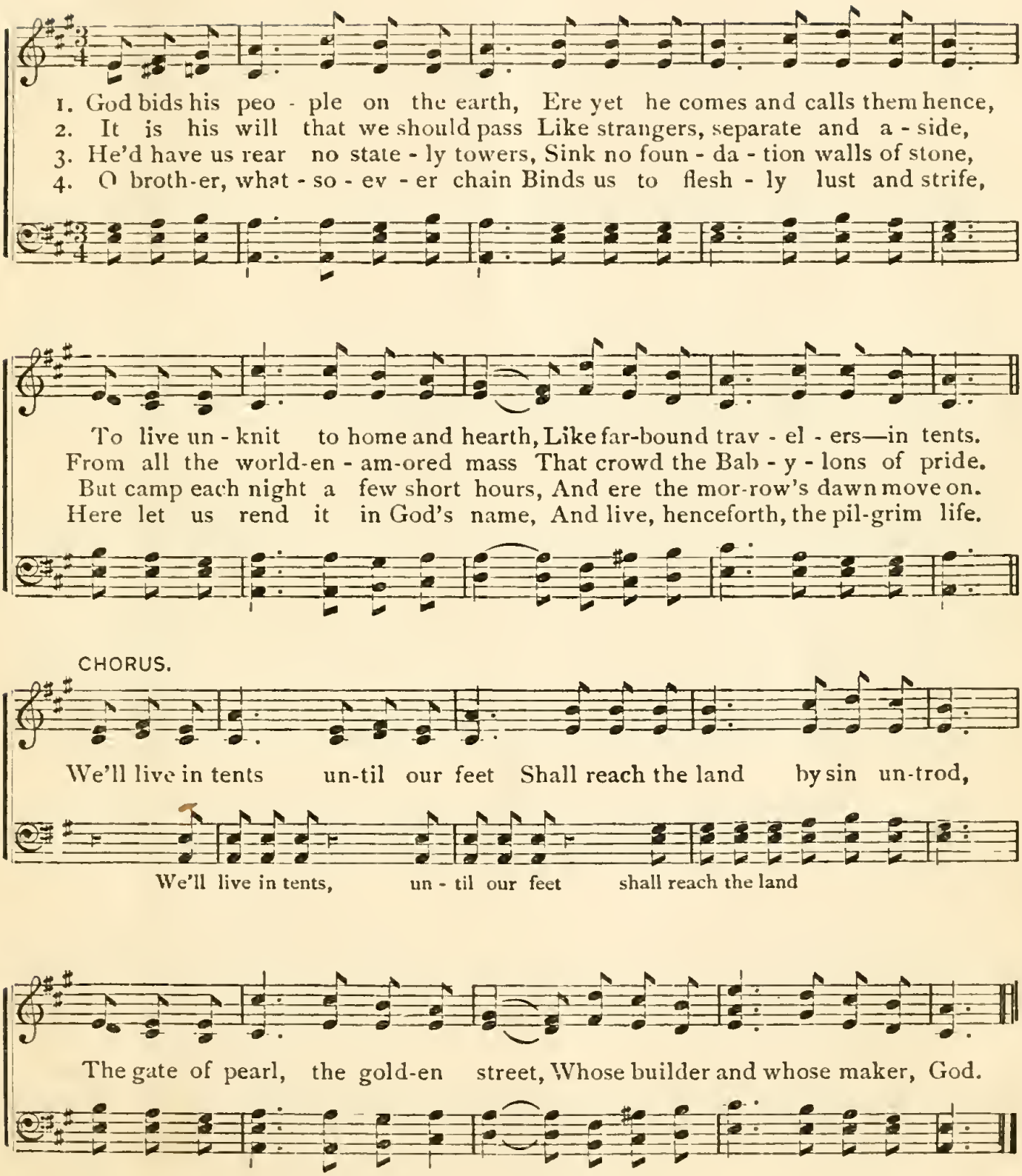
WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

H. G. S. HEB. xi. 8—10. H. G. S.



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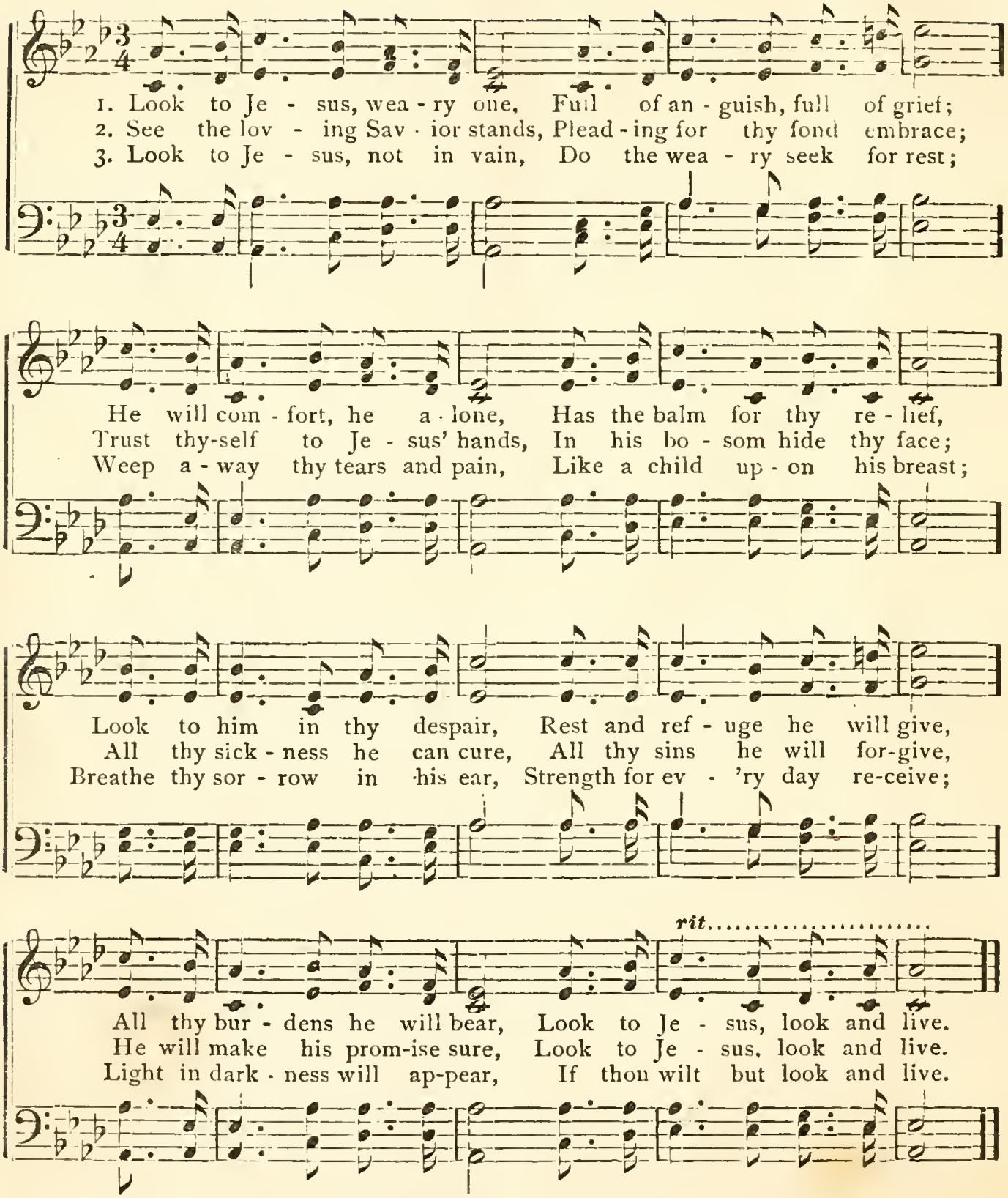
LOOK TO JESUS.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. C. E. POLLOCK.



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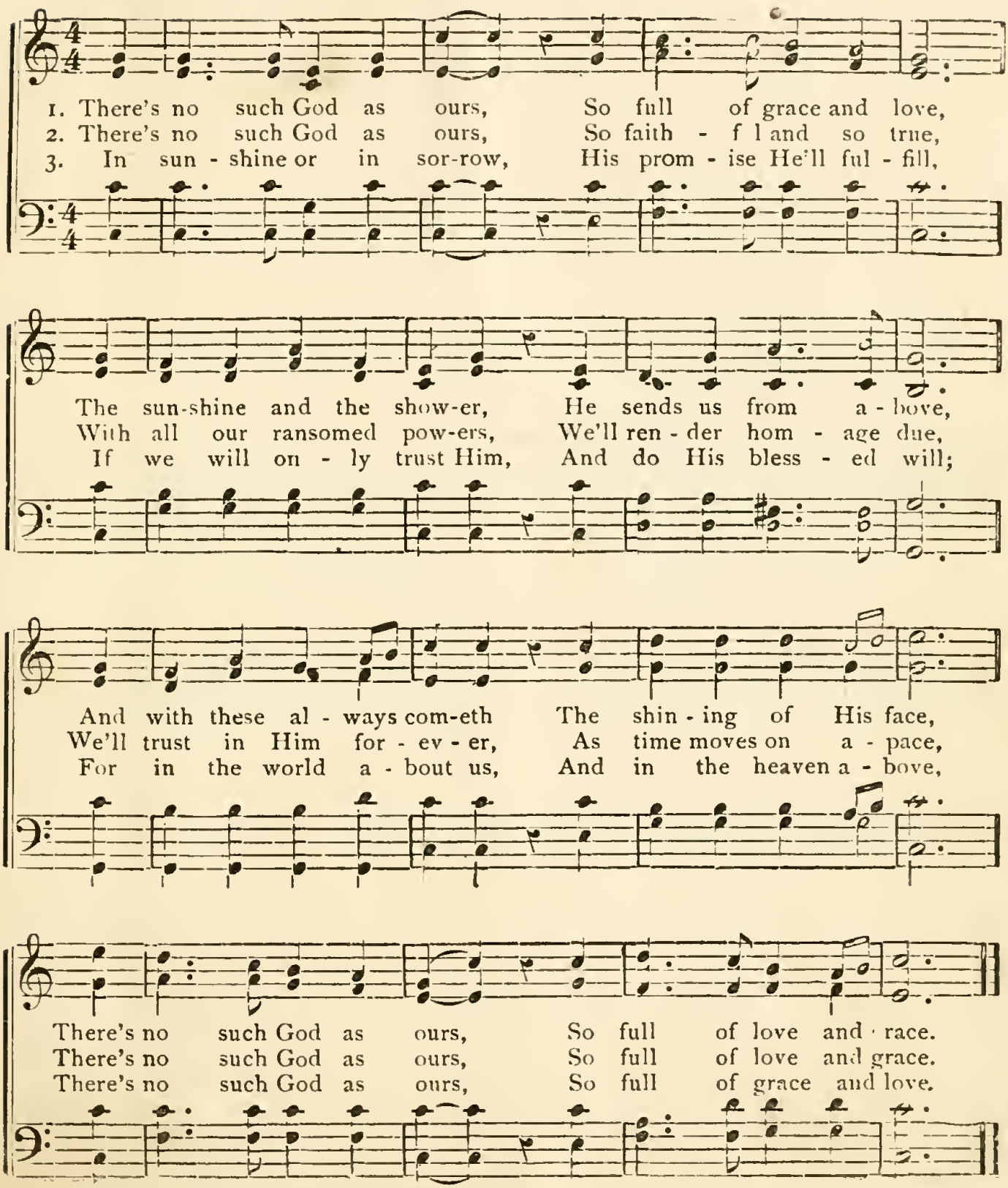
THERE'S NO SUCH GOD AS OURS.

V. J. K. V. J. K.



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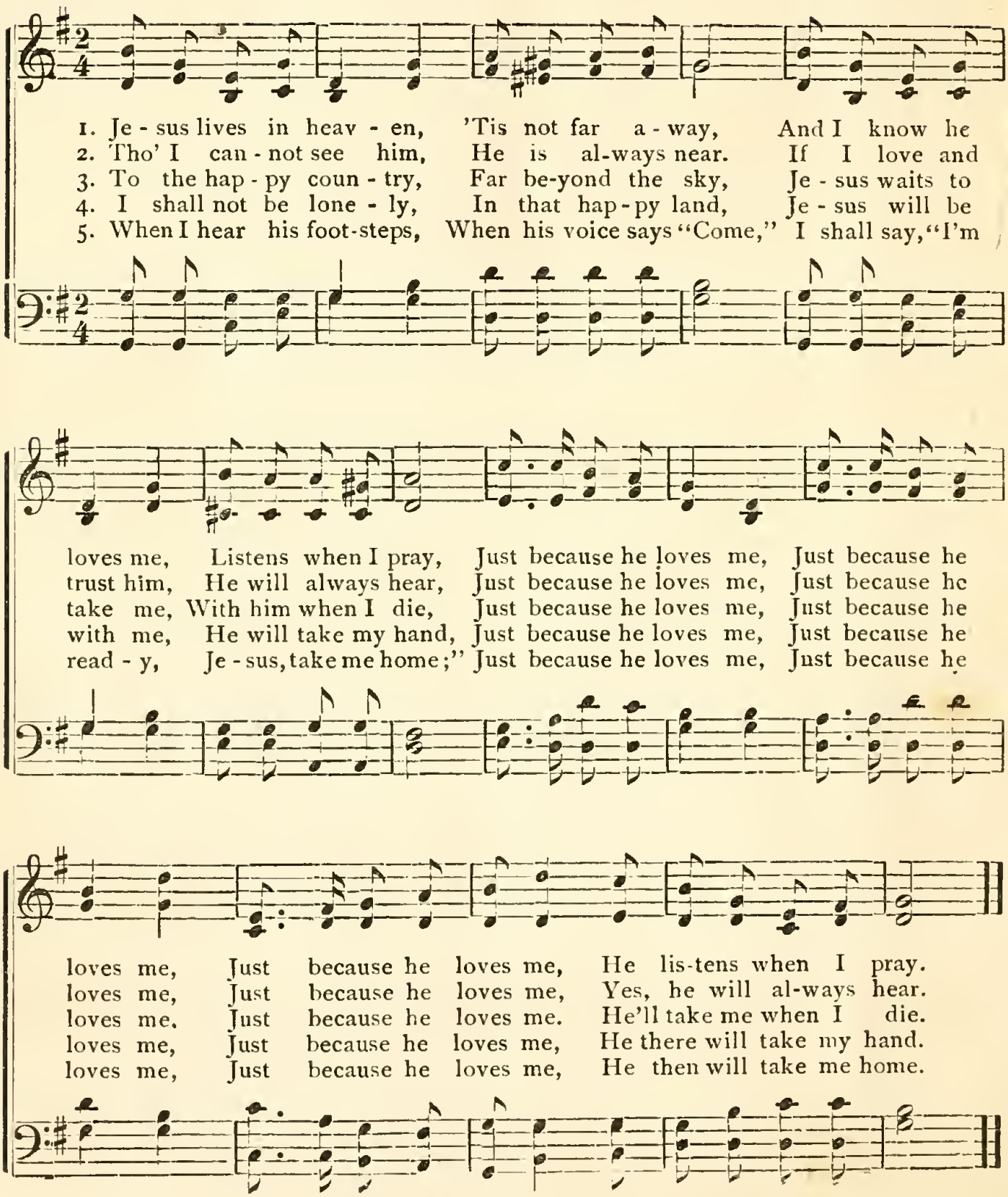
JUST BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

EVA M. TAPPAN. E. B. STORY.



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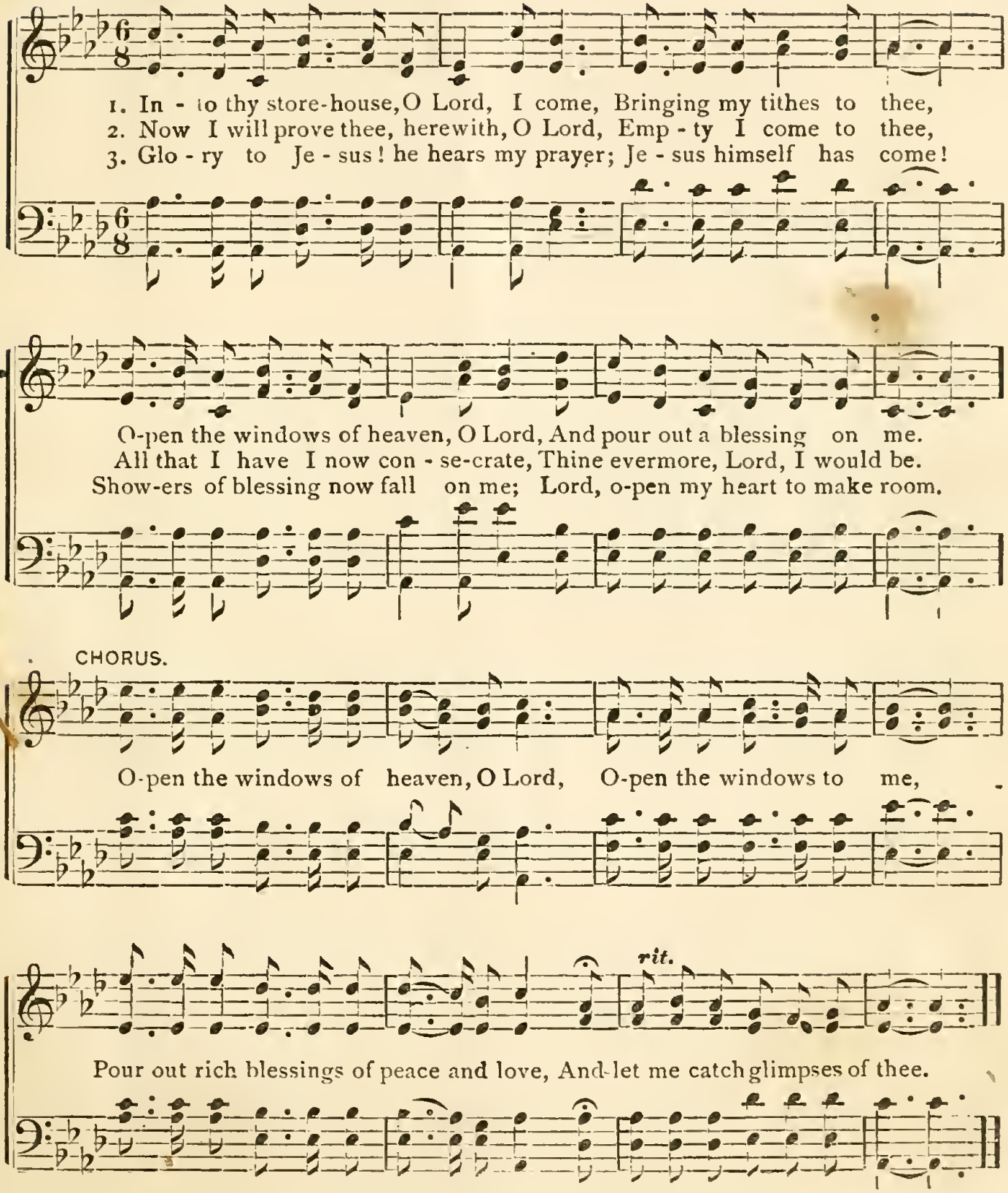
OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN TO ME.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. W. S. MARSHALL.



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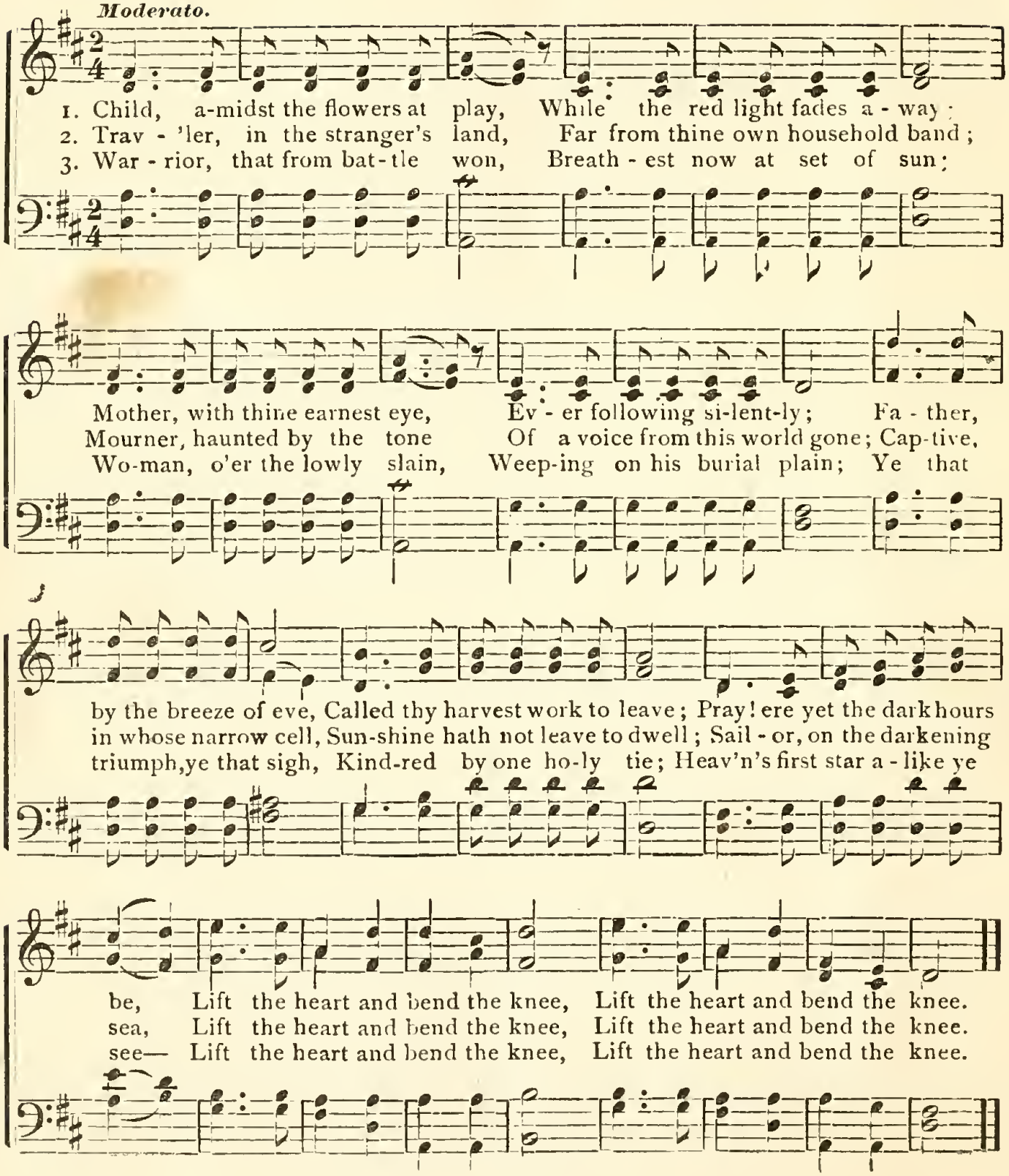
THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

HEMANS. G. KINGSLEY. Arranged.

Moderato.



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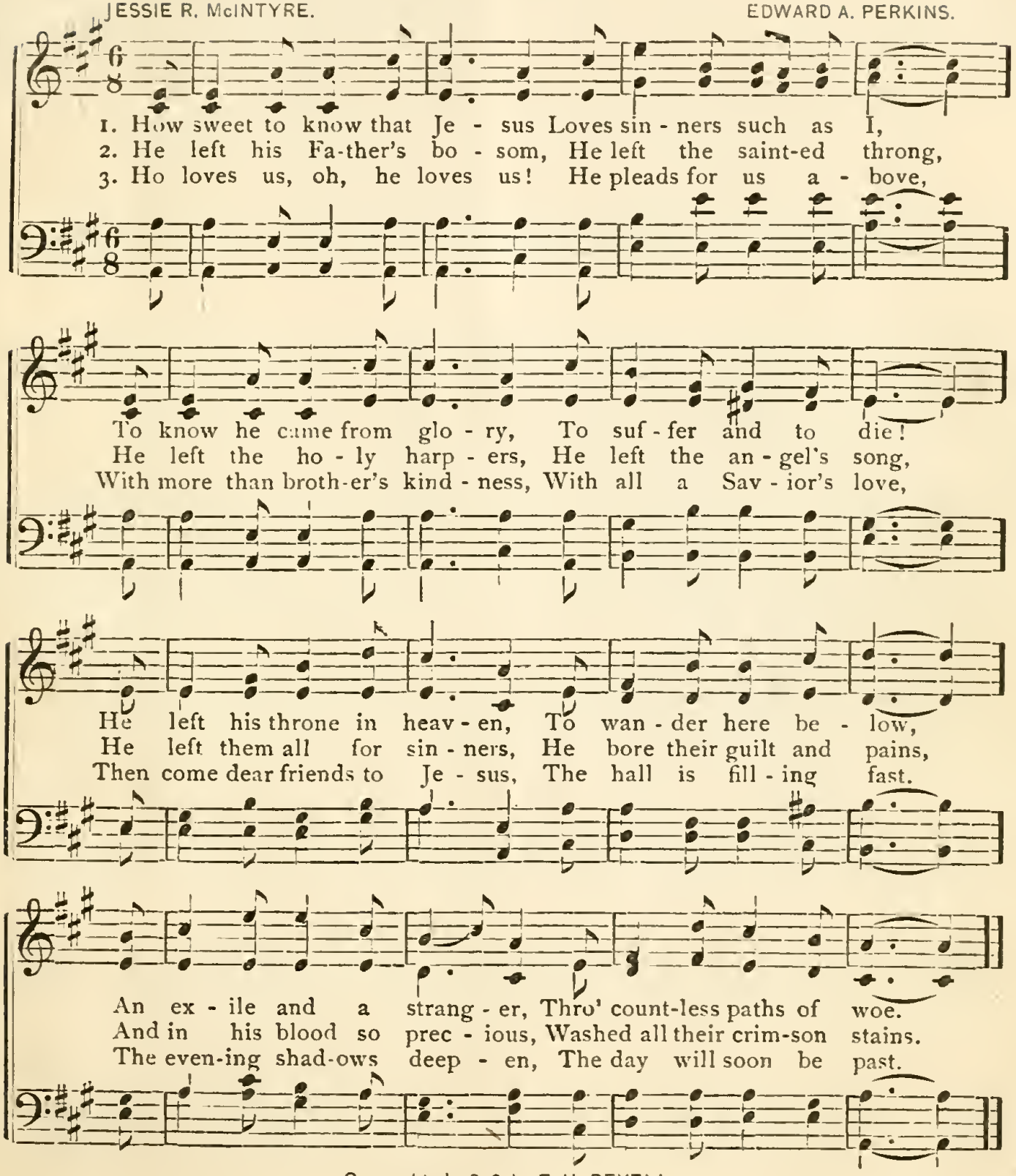
THE LOVE OF JESUS.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans v. 8.

JESSIE R. McINTYRE. EDWARD A. PERKINS.



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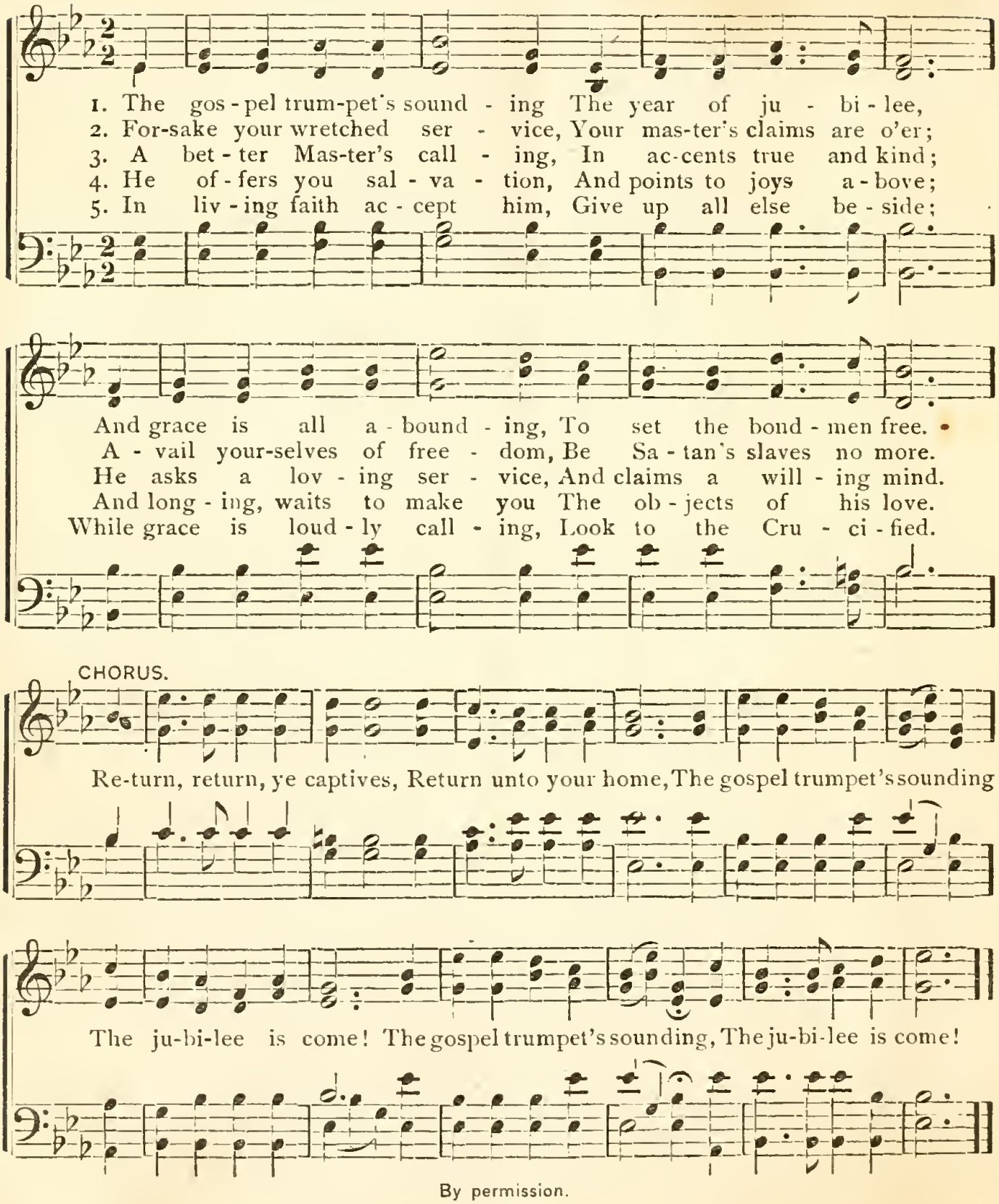
THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

Harmony by JAS. McGRANAHAN. Lev. xxv. 8—33. Melody by R. S. THAIN.



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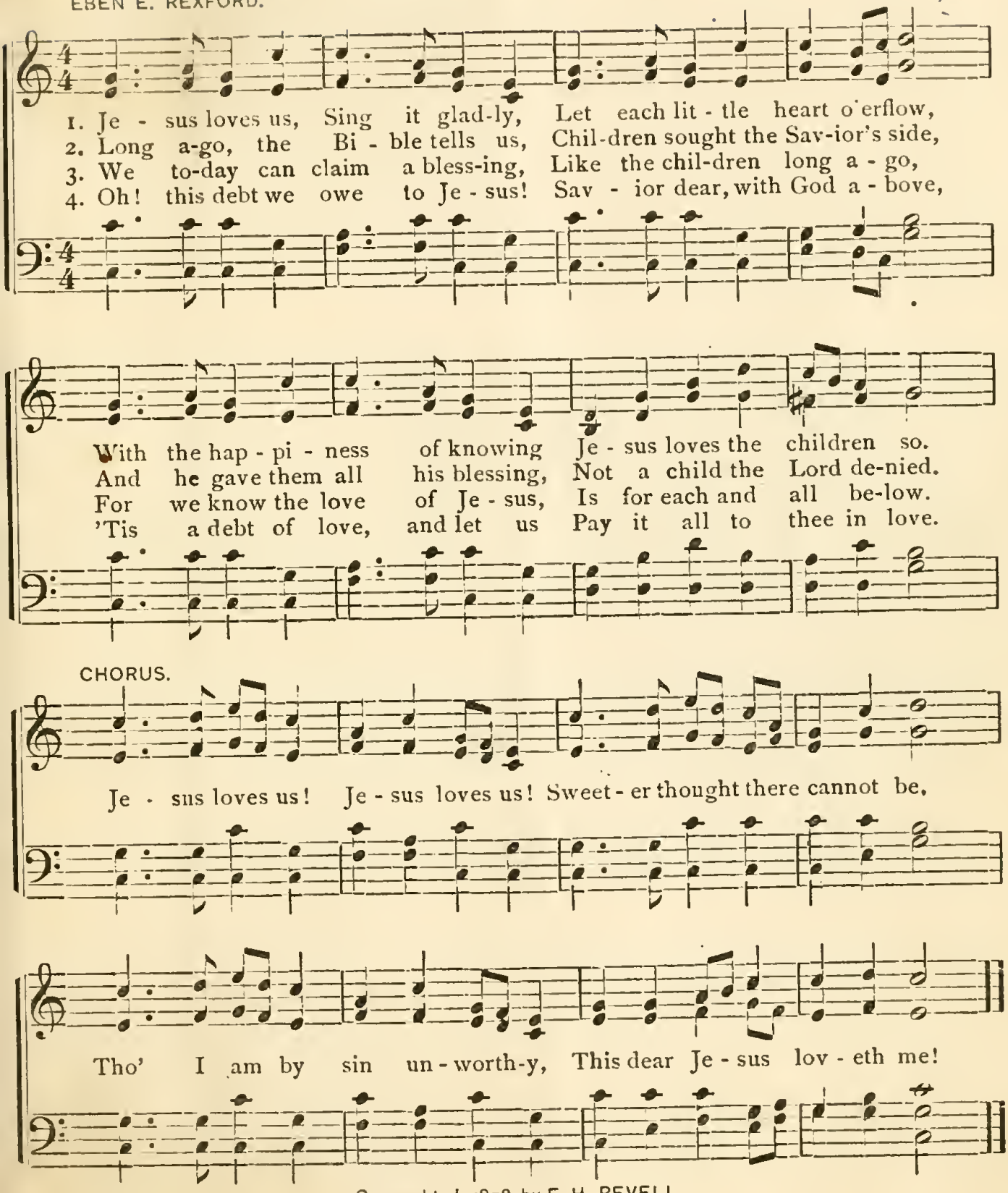
JESUS LOVES US.

EBEN E. REXFORD. EMMA L. MORTON.



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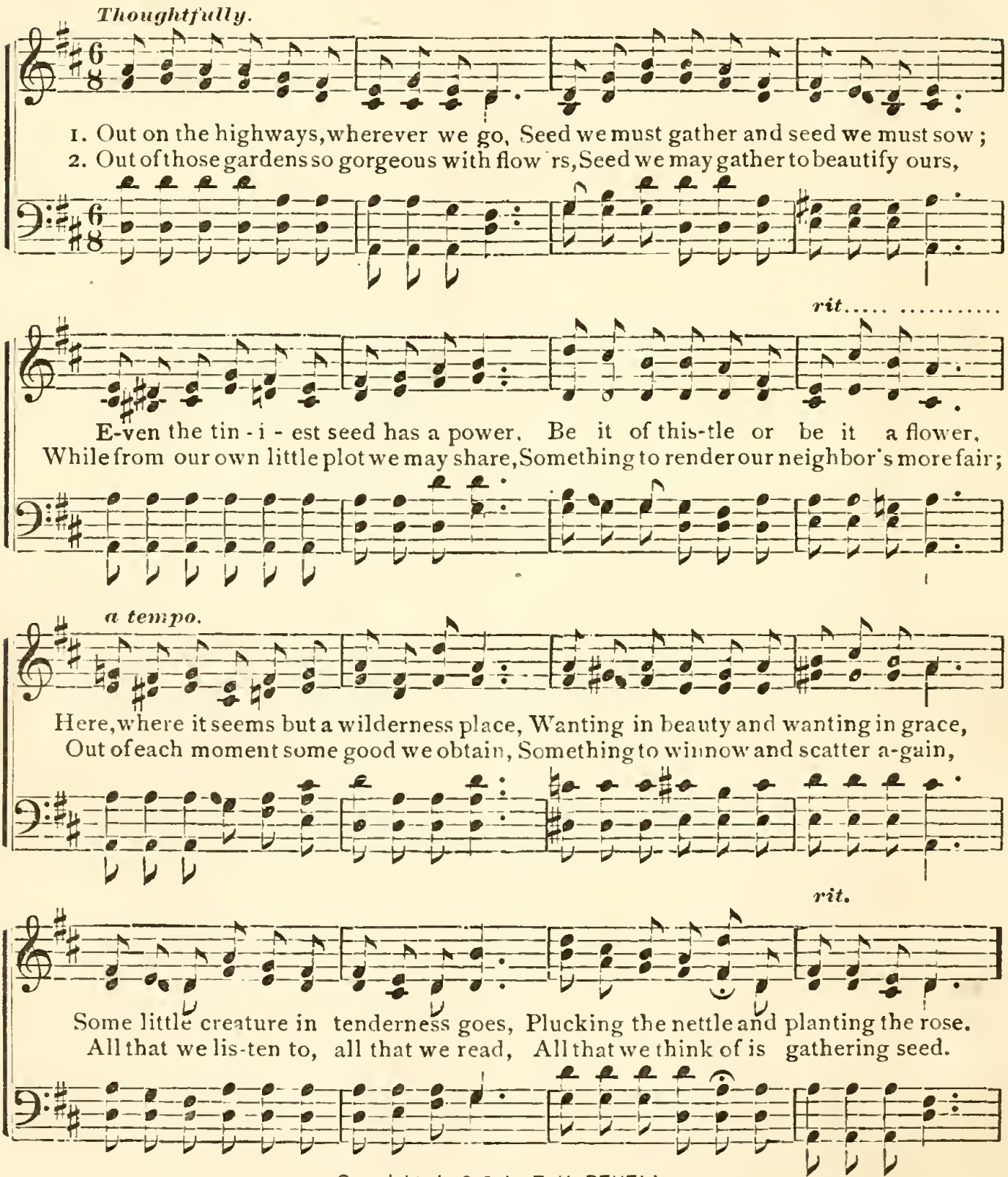
SOWING AND REAPING.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. EDWARD A. PERKINS.



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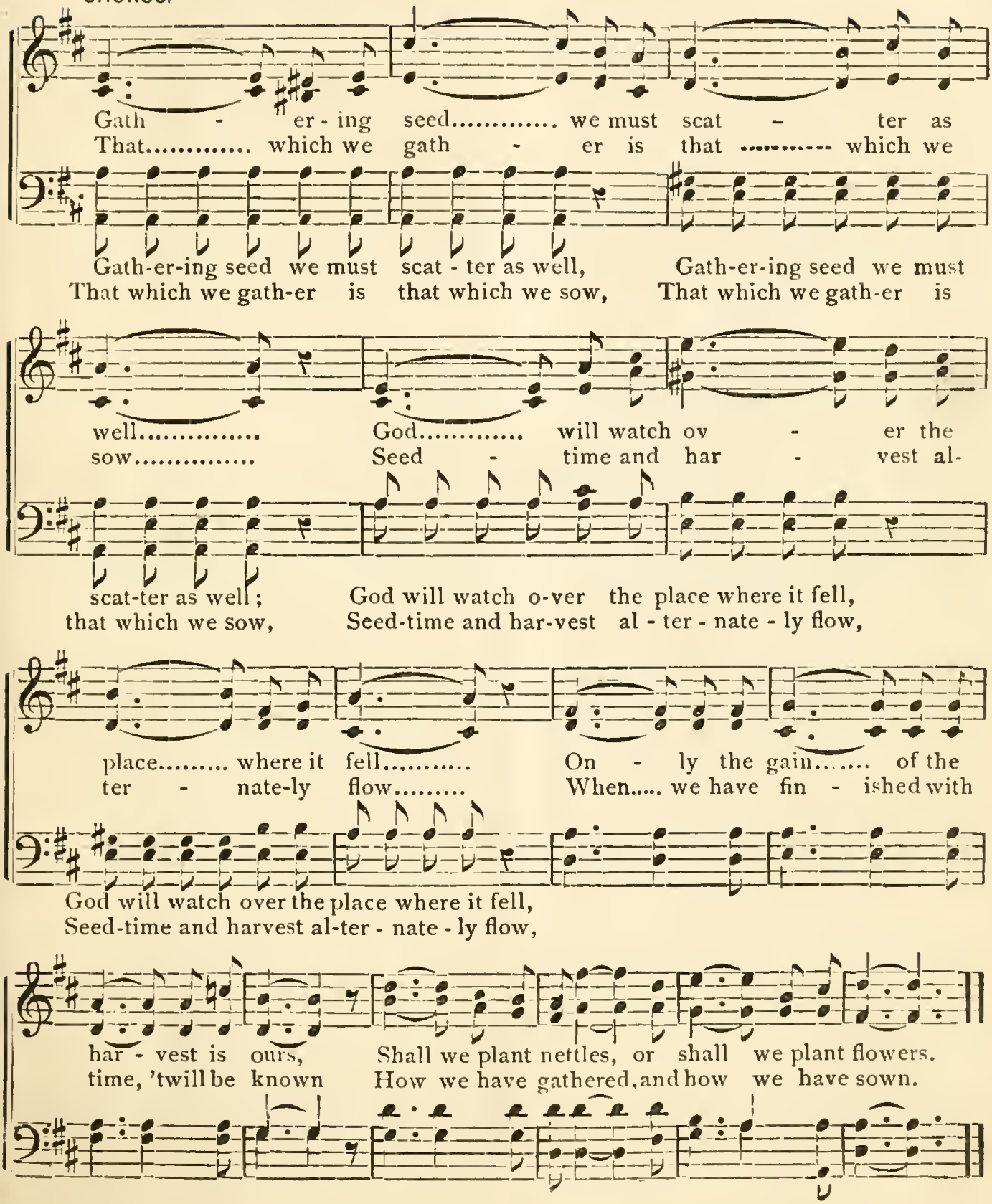
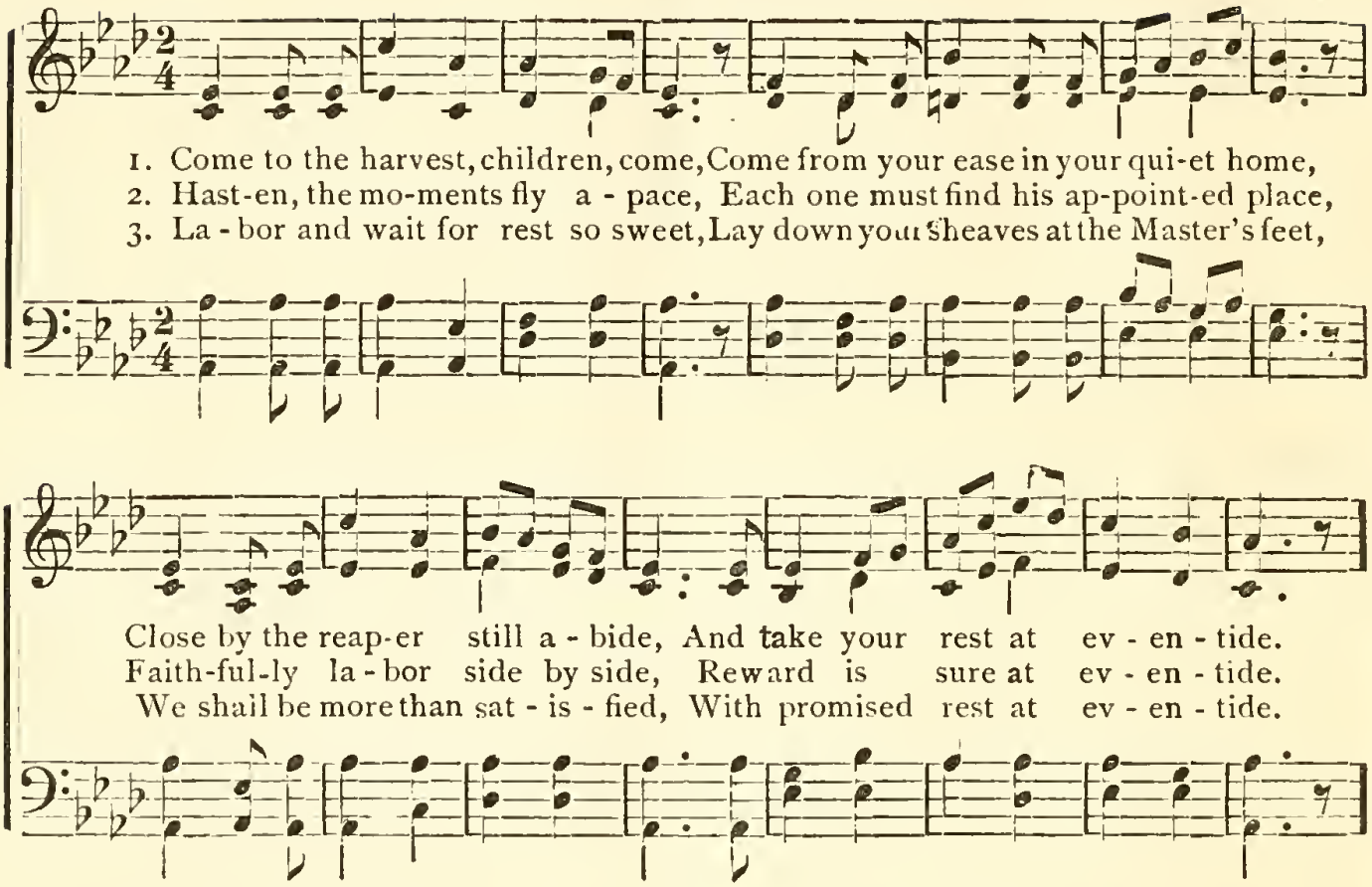
CHORUS.

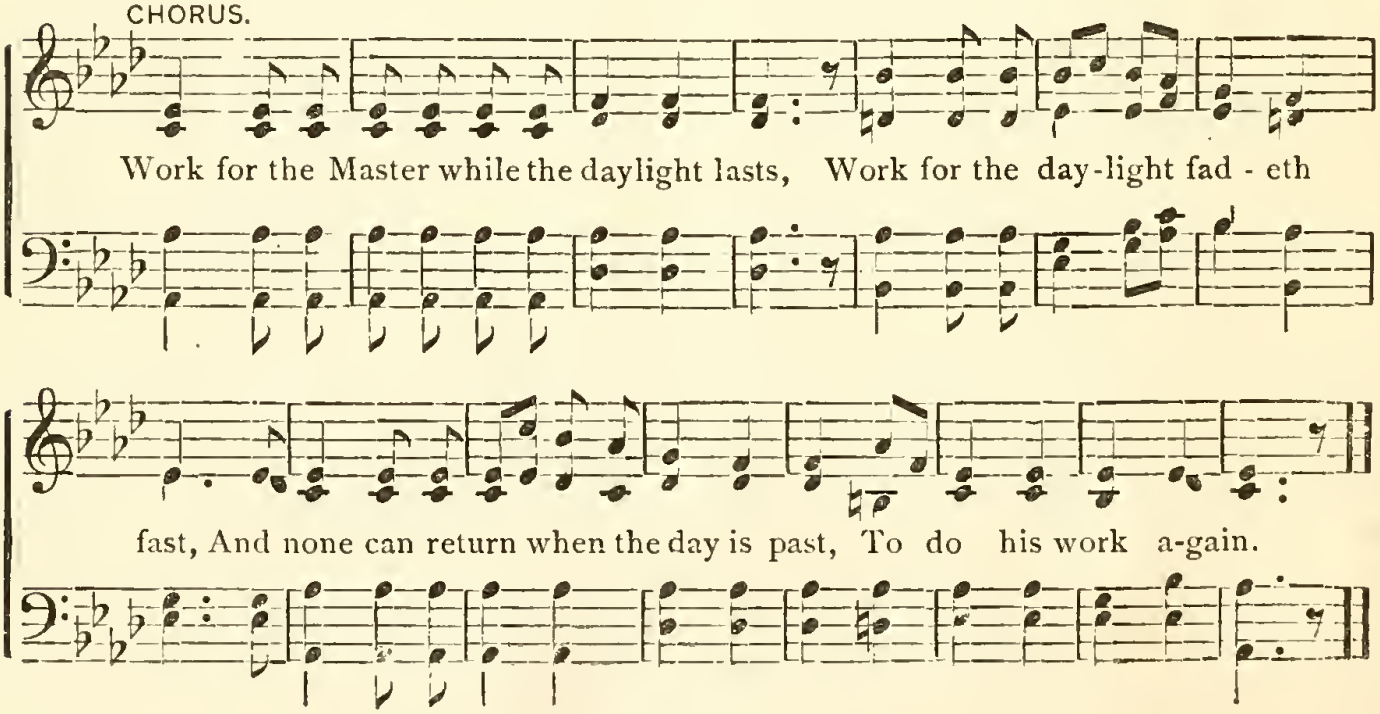

Gath - er - ing seed..... we must scat - ter as
That..... which we gath - er is that ..... which we
Gath-er-ing seed we must scat - ter as well, Gath-er-ing seed we must
That which we gath-er is that which we sow, That which we gath-er is
well..... God..... will watch ov - er the
sow..... Seed - time and har - vest al-
scat-ter as well; God will watch o-ver the place where it fell,
that which we sow, Seed-time and har-vest al - ter - nate - ly flow,
place..... where it fell..... On - ly the gain..... of the
ter - nate-ly flow..... When..... we have fin - ished with
God will watch over the place where it fell,
Seed-time and harvest al-ter - nate - ly flow,
har - vest is ours, Shall we plant nettles, or shall we plant flowers.
time, 'twill be known How we have gathered, and how we have sown.

REST AT EVENTIDE.

V. J. K. V. J. K.



CHORUS.



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Tune—SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.
8s, 7s & 4. Key E♭.

1 Savior, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 104.

1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God.
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 86.

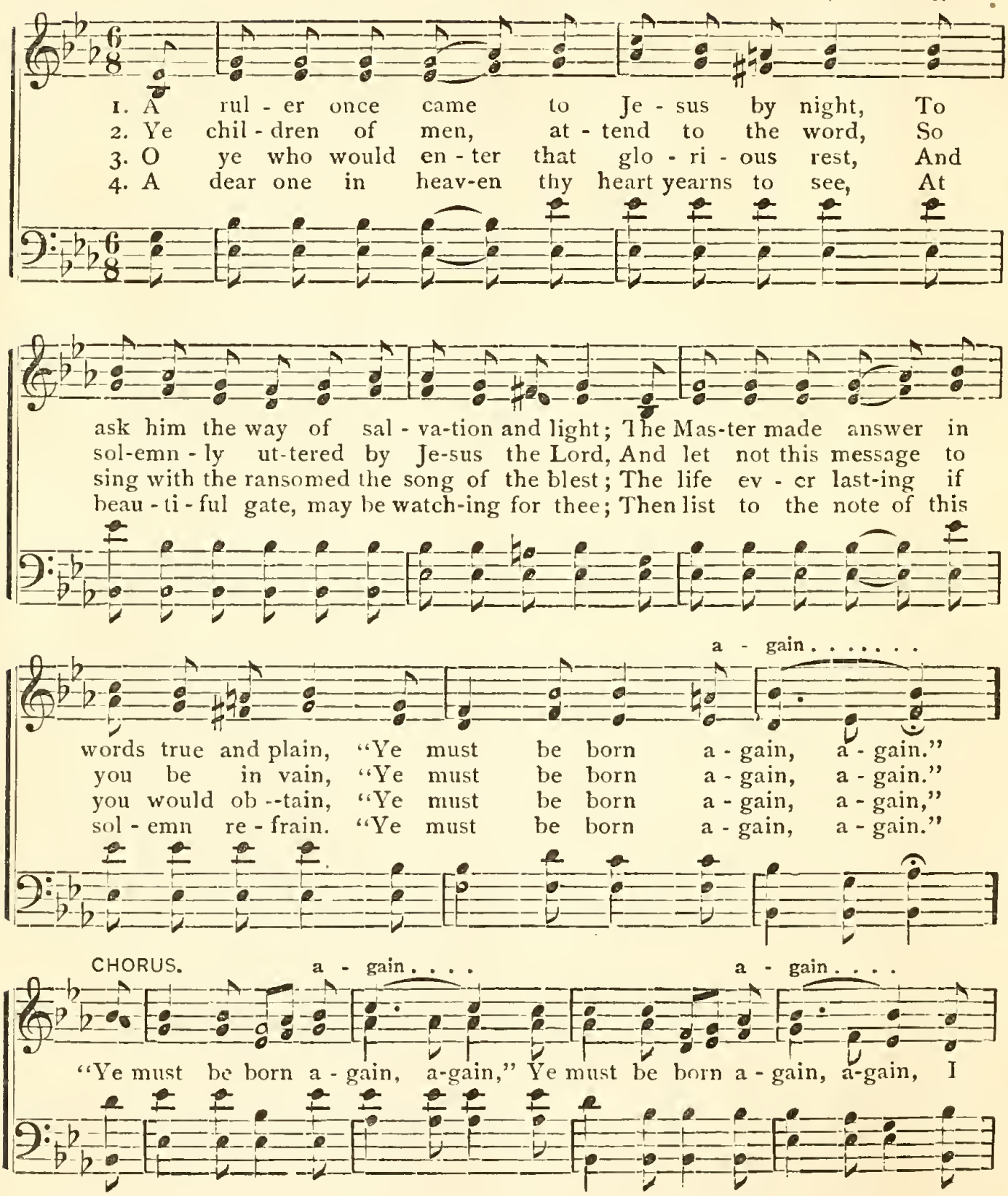
1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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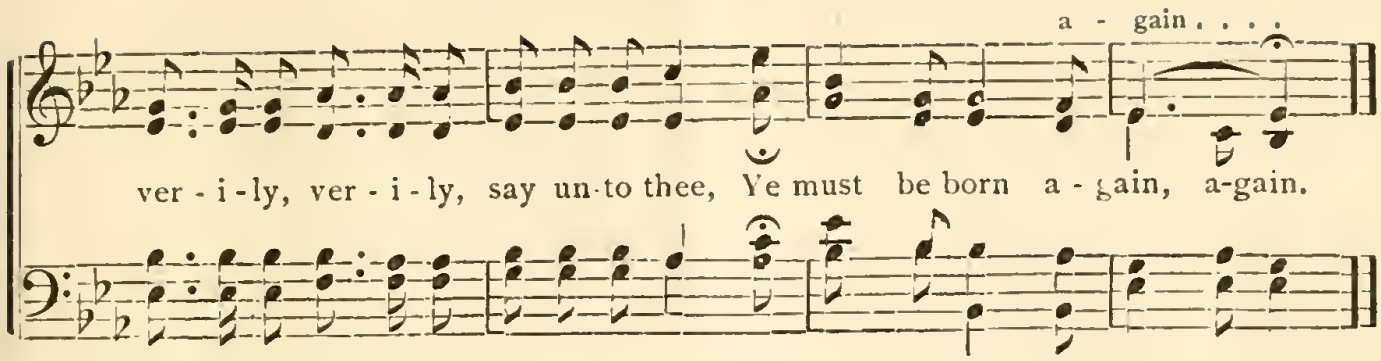


Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 27

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 30.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 99.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

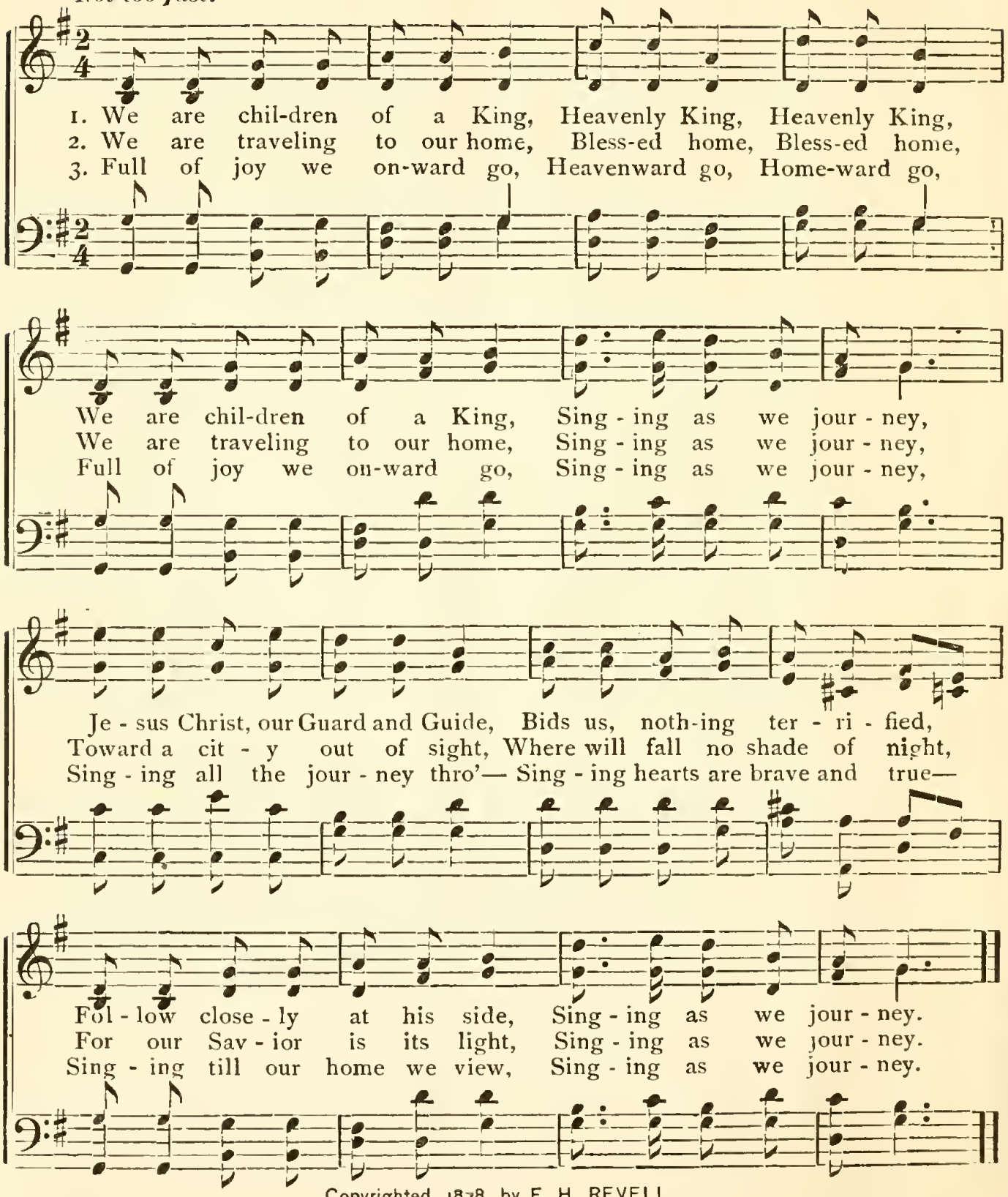
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.

Not too fast.



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Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 78.

1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood* that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 56.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 23.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

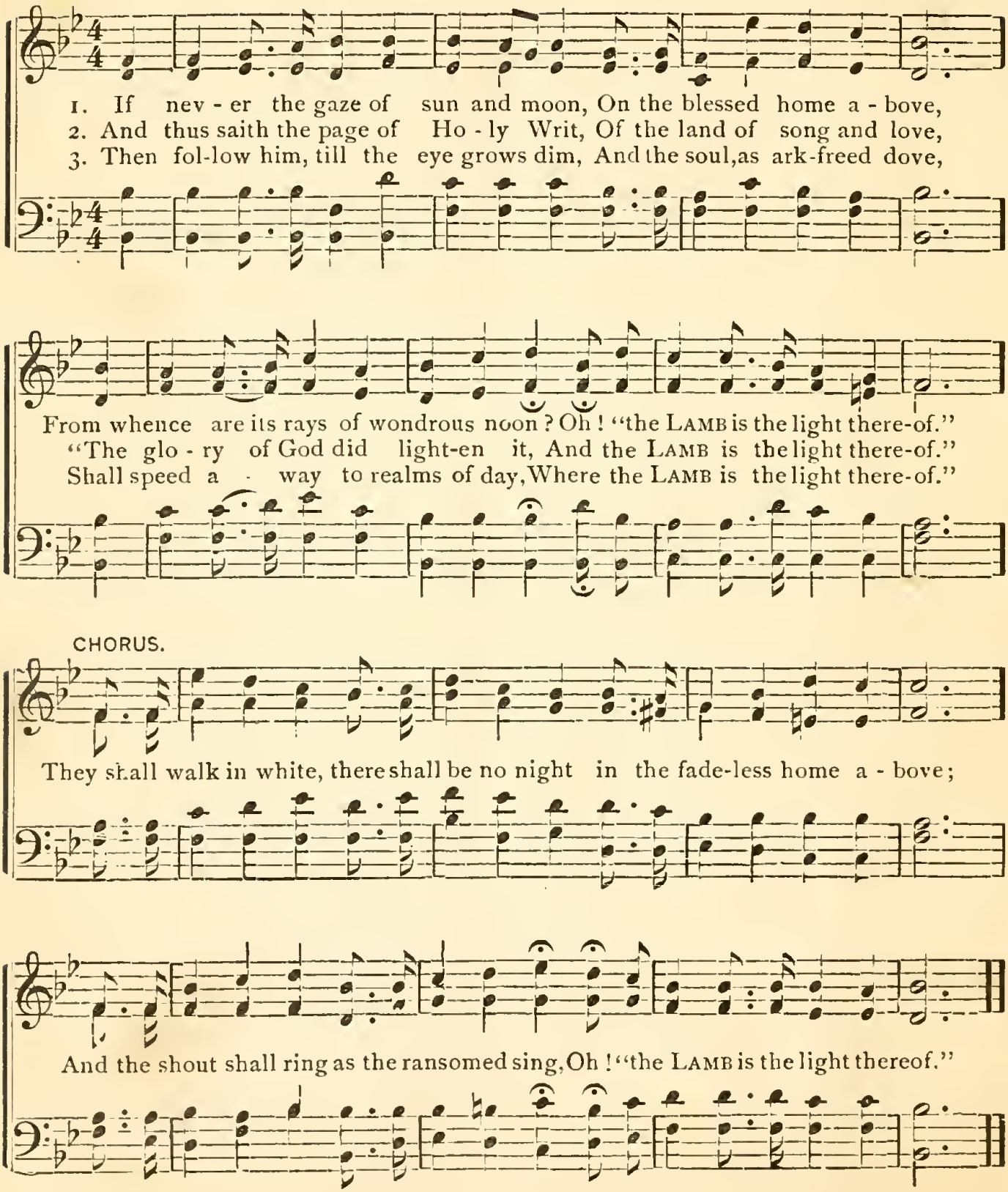
2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell:
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

PAULINA. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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Tune—HAPPY DAY. L M. Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 50.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

2 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 89.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their gulity stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, etc.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.—And shall, etc.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies sitent, etc

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.

1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

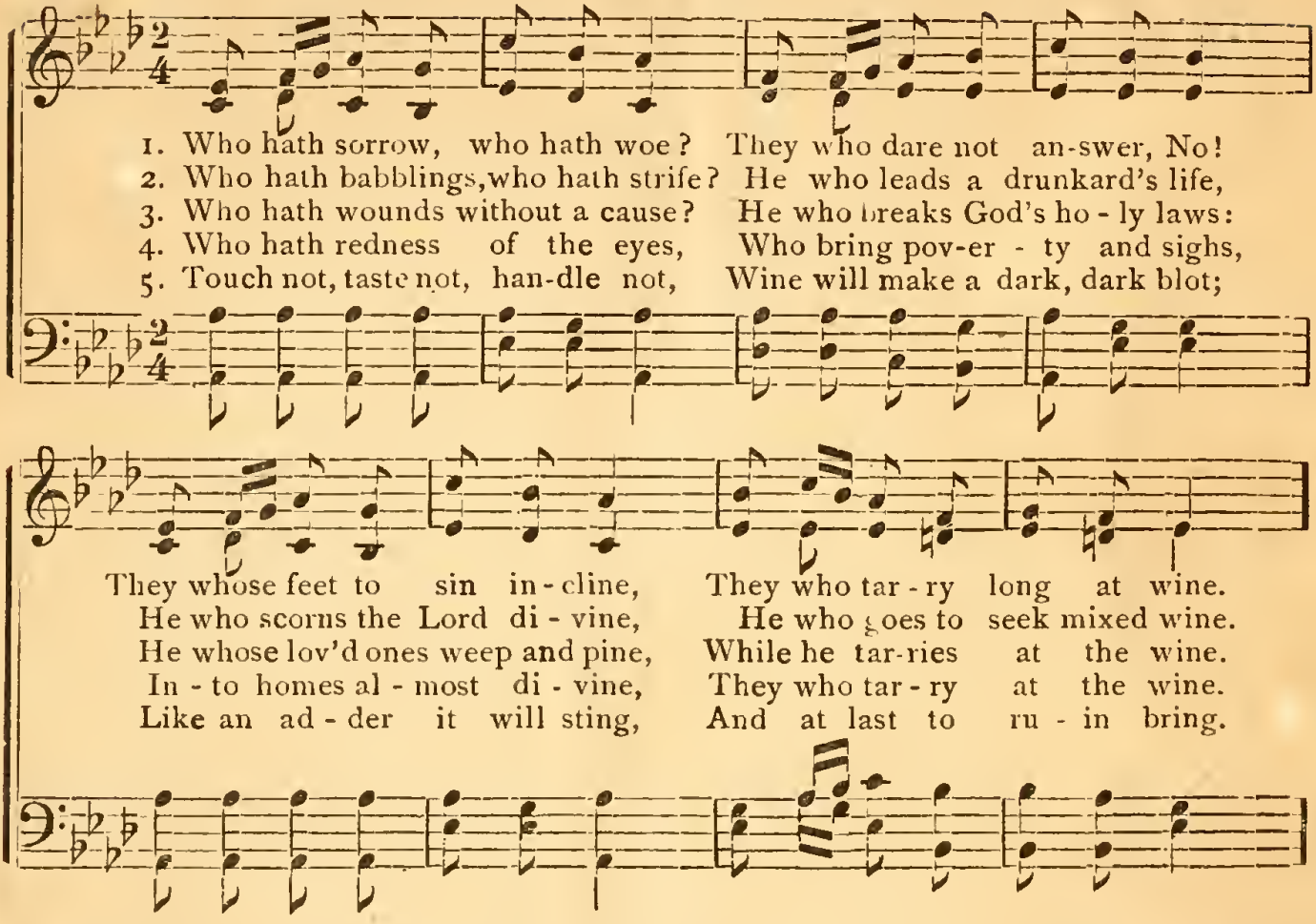
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. PROV. xxiii. 29. W. S. MARSHALL.



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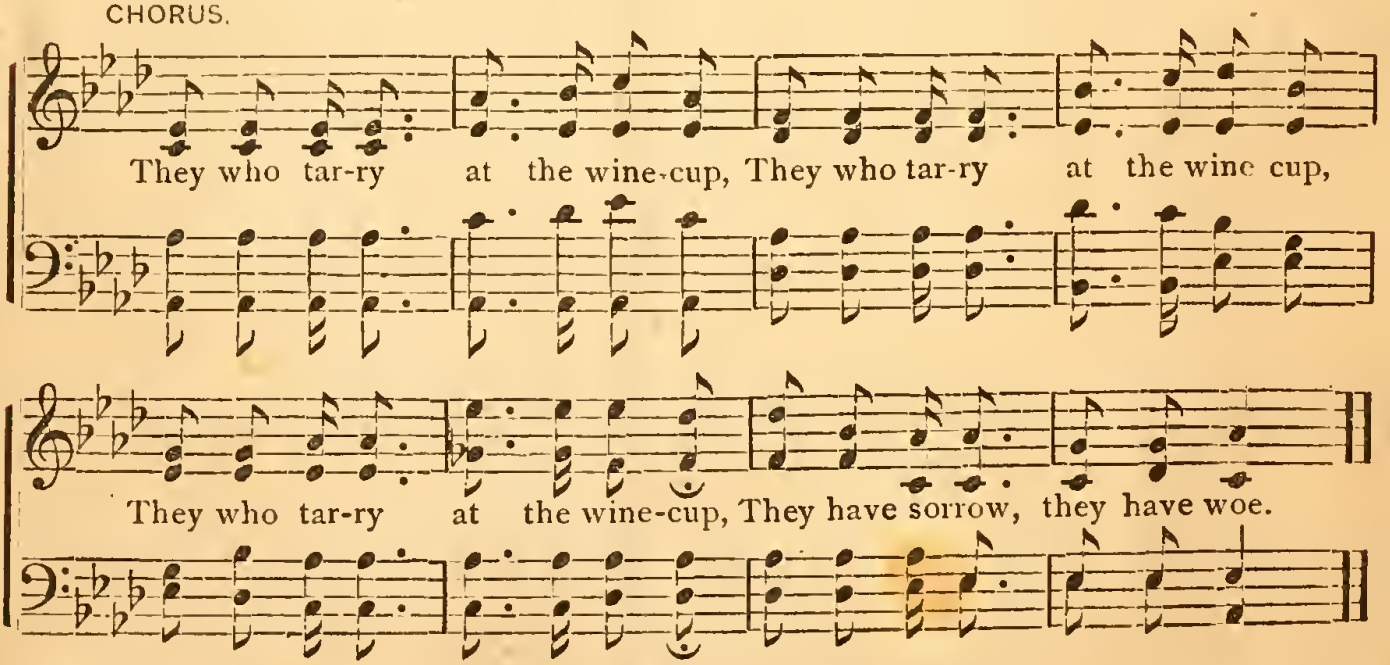

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